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Miſcellanea Sacra:

OR,

POEMS

ON

Divine & Moral

SUBJECTS.

Collected by *N. Tate*, Servant to His MAJESTY

The ſecond Edition, with Additions of ſeveral Poems and Meditations in Proſe.

LONDON:

Printed for *Hen. Playford* in the *Temple-Change*, in *Fleet-Street*. 1698.

Miscellanea Sacra:

OR,

POEMS

Divine & Moral

SUBJECTS.

TO

The Right Honourable

THE

MARCHIONESS

OF

TAVISTOCK.

MADAM,

THE esteem that these Poems have already found amongst all virtuous Persons, into whose Hands they have come, will (I

hope) be a ſufficient Apology for my Addreſſing this enlarg'd Edition to Your Honour's Acceptance.

The Products of Religious *Wit* (in our degenerate Age) are expos'd to the ſharpeſt Blaſts of Envy.

Theſe are all of that Sort, and the Plantation being now encreas'd, Your Honours Favour, (like a Morning Beam) may cheriſh their Growth, and promote ſo uſeful a Deſign.

I was

I was Ambitious (I muſt confeſs) of being the firſt that made Your Honour a Preſent from the Muſes Garden; and judg'd no Fruits ſo acceptable as thoſe which Savour'd of Piety, and retain'd the Fragancy of *Paradiſe*.

Wherefore having humbly brought my Offering, I ſhall retire without the uſual Ceremony of a Dedicator, or making that Harrangue upon Your early Accompliſhments, which the world may

may expect from Me, upon ſo fair an Opportunity.

Madam, Your own encreaſing Luſtre makes it ſelf ſo Conſpicuous, as to prevent all that a *Poet* or *Orator* can ſay: I ſhall therefore content my ſelf with only Congratulating Your Honours Happineſs, upon account of your worthy Relations, your Pious Education, and extraordinary Endowments of Perſon and Mind; and, (what is a *publick* Bleſſing,) Your auſpicious

ous Nuptials to a Darling of our Nation, upon whom ſhe has fix'd her Eyes, and whoſe very Youth gives more than *Promiſes* of ſupporting the Honour and Virtues of his Illuſtrious Family.

'Tis the Satisfaction of all good People, That he is to ſet forth into the World, not only in a Reign of Peace, but in a Seaſon when *Worth* and *Piety* may be *Eminent* without *Danger*.

That

That you may both be enrich'd with all Felicities of the Present and Future Life is the Wish and Expectation of all Admirers of exalted Merit; and amongst them the earnest Prayer of

Madam,

Your HONOUR's

Most humble and

Obedient Servant.

N. Tate.

PRE-

PREFACE

THE *Publishing an Annual Miscellany of* Poems, *on* Divine *and* Moral *Subjects, can displease no Person who have any respect for Virtue; and She has few professt Enemies. That* Religion *and* Morality *are capable of all the Embellishments of* Poetry, *has been confirmed by the Suffrage and Performance of best* Poets *in all Ages.* 'Tis

'Tis there the Muſes breath their native *Air. After all their Prodigal perſuits of* Vanity; *'Tis thither they muſt come, to recover Strength and Beauty, to appear like Themſelves, in a Dreſs that is ſuitable to their Quality.*

Thoſe are only to be accounted legitimate Off-ſprings of Wit, which are uſeful to the World, or, at leaſt, Inoffenſive. For ſuch Births which the Muſe *that conceiv'd them cannot look upon with* Satisfaction, *ſhould be excluded the Favour and Patronage of* noble *Minds.*

Cui

——Cui non *risere Parentes*.
Nec Deus hunc Mensâ, Dea nec dignata Cubili est.

Perhaps there is no Talent or Genius more capable of being ſerviceable to Mankind, than That of Poetry. *But 'tis the Misfortune of that generous Soil to be over-run with poyſonous* Weeds, *and thin ſtockt with wholſome Plants. Otherwiſe, I had not inſerted in this Collection any of my own Eſſays. Neither will I pretend thoſe from other Hands to be, All of 'em, choiceſt in their Kind.*

How-

However, they had, generally, the private Approbation, and many of them the Applause *of able Juages. Some of 'em carry their Sanction in the Names of their Authors; such as Dr.* Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Fuller, *Earl of* Roscommon, *and Others. Several also amongst the* Anonymous *will approve themselves to come from Eminent Hands. Amongst which the Ladies may have the Entertainment to find, that our Age and Country have produc'd more than One* Orinda.

In

In so good a Design, *'tis hop'd, the Ingenious will timely supply a second* Freight, *and Pardon what they think defective in this* first *Adventure.*

Youthful Minds will have their Diversions, *where Poetry comes in for no small Share. 'Tis therefore a Publick Service to furnish them with such as may be instructive, and entertain their* Fancy, *without viciating their* Morals. *For which Reason the Encouraging a* Book *of this*

Na-

ture is the Interest of all Parents and Masters of Families; who are best Obey'd, in Both Capacities, when their Children and Servants have a Sense of Piety. *Nay, Religious Poetry may be one Means of reclaiming even profligate Persons, by its insinuating* Charms, *in the Sweetness of its Strains, and Harmony of its Numbers, according to that of our divine* Herbert,

A *Verse* may take him who a *Sermon* flies,
And turn *Delight* into a *Sacrifice.*

If Verſe has ſuch Allurements, they will doubtleſs exert themſelves moſt happily on Divine *and* Moral *Subjects, which naturally excite all the innocent* Paſſions *of our Minds. Nothing furniſhes the* Fancy *with more charming* Ideas *and* Imagry. *No other Topicks or Occaſions ſuggeſt ſuch exalted* Notions *and* Sentiments; *nor is any Thing capable of nobler Expreſſion: Which, (I think) are all the Requiſites a Poet can deſire. He will certainly find the* Holy Scriptures *his beſt Magazine, of which Writings*

tings Mr. Cowley *has truly asserted, That* They are, already, either the most accomplish'd *Pieces* of *Poetry* in the World, or the best *Materials* for it.

To Mr. Tate,

On his Publiſhing theſe Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects.

SIR,

LOng may the Laurel flouriſh on your Brow,
ſince You ſo well a *Laureat*'s Duty know;
For Virtue's Reſcue daring to engage
Againſt the Tyrant-Vices of the Age.
That Reformation with Your Pen purſue,
For which his Sword your Royal Maſter drew.
Such Service ſeems to claim the gen'ral Voice,
And juſtify your Patron *Dorſet*'s Choice.
In his, and *Phœbus* pow'rful Names proceed,
Till You the Muſes Land have nobly freed.

As *Æſculapius*, by the Cures he wrought,
Apollo's genuine Son was juſtly thought;
So let the ſame Credentials plead for *You*,
And (ſpight of Envy) prove *your* Miſſion true.

Far as lewd Wit her Empire does extend,
Do *You* your healing Miſcellanies ſend:
Nouriſh the ſacred Warmth that did inſpire
Your Muſe to touch the Royal Prophet's Lyre:
Whom kindly *You* and *your* Collegue reſtore,
From that forlorn Diſguiſe ſo long he wore.
A Garb not form'd for Decency but Sport,
As when he Madneſs feign'd at *Achiſh* Court.
Grave and Majeſtick is the Dreſs *You* bring,
Suiting at once the Prophet and the King.
Hence, *Britain's David* (with like *Valour* Crown'd,
And, next to *Him*, for *Piety* renown'd,)
By Royal Sanction has vouchſaf'd to own
The Right you have to *Judah's* Monarch done:
A Gen'rous Service, and approv'd by All,
But ſuch as join with *Shimei*, and with *Saul*.

F. Ovington.

Upon

Upon the Preſent Corrupted State of POETRY.

WHen heaven did firſt *Poetick* Gifts diſpenſe,
And Muſes only were inſpir'd from thence;
Prieſts then were *Poets*, *Poets* then were Kings,
Employ'd in only great and Heav'nly things.
Their pious Hearts indited to their Tongue,
They liv'd like Angels, and like Angels ſung.
But when to Virtuous Life they bid Adieu,
With Innocence they loſt their *Eden* too:
Fiends, Goblins, Satyrs, did thoſe Seats frequent,
Where Angels on bleſt Errands had been ſent:
Thus *Poetry*, when once from Heaven ſhe fell,
Set up for Miſchief, and join'd league with Hell.
Since when the *Syren* did her Charms employ,
To ſooth the liſt'ning Crow'd, and pleaſingly deſtroy.

As ſhameleſs *Mountebanks* can ruin more,
Than all the Sons of *Phœbus* can reſtore.

So *Poetasters*, (tho' but Quacks in Wit,
And ſcarce allow'd in that low Form to ſit;)
While Sordidly the Wretches can comply
A vicious Age's Taſte to gratify,
With luſcious Bane can draw the ſenſeleſs Fry.
So eaſy 'tis with Poyſon'd Sweets to Kill:
But bitter wholſome Med'cines to inſtill,
And reſcue Men from Death againſt their Will;
This is a Task as noble as 'tis hard;
'Tis preſent Service for remote Reward.
Chaſt *Poets* now, like Prophets muſt expect
Spight from Ill Men, and from the Beſt, Neglect;
Yet ſhall their Laurels flouriſh in the *Shade*,
While thoſe that have the Sun's warm *Beams* ſhall *fade*.

Out of HORACE *Epiſt.*

Lib. I. *Epiſt.* 18.

Quid ſentire putas; quod credis Amice precari? &c.

By Mr. Wright.

What do I wiſh? No more than what I have,
The ſame Eſtate, and Quiet to the Grave:
That no ſucceeding Hour the Fates allow
My Life's Remains, may ſee me worſe than now.
Plenty of Books; Proviſion for the Year;
A ſettled Mind, unſwaid by Hope or Fear.
Life and Eſtate, are all I can invent
To ask of Heaven; I'll give my ſelf Content.

EPITAPH *on an* INFANT.

By the ſame Hand.

Beneath this Monument is laid,
The Promiſe of a ſpotleſs Maid.
A Virgin Mirrour, clear and pure;
Too fine, too brittle to endure.

Nine

Nine Months compleat, her Age did count;
The *Unites*, can no higher mount.
But let none think that number ſmall,
Or her quick Death untimely Call:
For never any who died Pure
And Innocent, died Immature.
Reader, reflect; and learn from hence,
Not length of Days, but Innocence
Makes Life compleat; and after this
On Earth, Immortal Life in Bliſs.
See how the weeping Marble Vies
Tears, with her mournful Parent's Eyes.
But why theſe Tears? Why all this Grief,
As for a loſs beyond Releif?
Can She be counted loſt, who does remain
In the *Lamb*'s glorious and *eternal* Train?

Verſes

Verſes for a Monument of Twin-Infants; whereof, the laſt born dy'd firſt. The Device thus; the Elder points to a lighted Taper, *the Younger to a* Death's-Head.

The Younger is ſuppoſed to ſpeak.

By Mr. Tate.

LIfe's Taper thou preſent's to Me,
Death's Emblem I preſent to Thee.
I grant the firſt kind office Thine:
But ſure the nobler Gift was Mine.
By Life we gain'd but Mortal Breath:
But gain Immortal Life by Death.

The three firſt Verſes of the 23d Pſalm, PARAPHRAS'D.

By the ſame Hand.

SInce God, who reigns without Control
In Earth below, and Heaven above;
Vouchſafes, with condeſcending Love,
To be the Shepheard of my Soul;

Since

Since he to ſuccour me is always near,
No Comfort I can want, no Danger fear.

At Break of Day, to ſpringing Meads
His darling Charge he gently leads;
Where, after full Repaſt, I lay
My Fleecy Sides on Herbs as ſoft as they.
And when, with Noon's encreaſing Heat,
I Faint or Thirſty grow;
He drives me to ſome cool Retreat,
And where, to make my Bliſs compleat,
Eternal Fountains flow.

And when I chance to go a Stray,
Till I have loſt my Way;
In a wide Deſart of Deſpair,
Expos'd to Thouſand Harms;
My Shepheard condeſcends to ſeek me there,
And bear me Home in his indulgent Arms.

POEMS

POEMS
ON
DIVINE and MORAL
SUBJECTS.

A Morning HYMN, by Dr. Fuller, *formerly Bishop of* Lincoln.

THou, watchful *Shepherd*, that dost *Israel* keep,
Rais'd by thy Goodness from the Bed (of sleep,
To Thee I offer up this Hymn,
As my best Morning Sacrifice;
Like grateful Incense may it Rise,
And raise me, with it, from the bed of Sin.
And do I live another day to see?
O, let me with the Day, my Thanks renew,
And by its *Light*, thy righteous Paths persue.

P.B. 40.

Could

Pa.

Could I redeem the Time I have misspent
In senseless Scenes of sinful Merriment;
Such Exemplary Penitence
I'd practise for each past Offence,
That ev'n the *Innocent*
Should always wish themselves like *me*,
When with such *Crimes* they, such *Repentance* see.

An Evening HYMN, *By* Ezr. Simson.

ANother Day is past—But can I say,
That I have Liv'd, not lost another Day?
For Days and Years, if spent in vain
Can never to *Life's* Sum in amount,
'Tis only adding to Death's black Account;
And must be Reckon'd for again.
Thou, Setting Sun,
Art Witness how I've been employ'd,
If One good Action I have done
Worthy the *Light* that I this Day enjoy'd;

Thou

Thou seest my conscious Fears,
Therefore, kind Planet, let thy Evining Beams,
Before they sink in Western Streams,
Set first in my Repenting *Tears!*
That when thy Lustre is withdrawn
From these benighted Eyes,
To chear my Soul a fairer Dawn
And brighter Sun of Righteousness may Rise:
The Sun, who only can send forth a Ray,
That makes the Morning to Eternal Day.

INNOCENCE.

Or the Inestimable Gemm.

Written by a Young Lady.

WHat's Innocence? A brighter Gemm,
Than e'er enriched a Diadem:
A Gemm that bears a Price so high,
As Crowns and Empires cannot Buy.
Yet by the pooreſt Mortal's Breſt
This matchleſs Treaſure is poſſeſt,
A Treaſure not like other Wealth,
That's liable to Fraud or Stealth;
No Soul of this can be bereft
By open Force, or ſecret Theft;
Safe in it's Cabinet 'twill ſtay,
Till by the Owner thrown away.

O diſmal Bargain, when for Sin we ſell
This Gemm! 'Tis Life for Death, and Heav'n for Hell.

By Dr. Fuller.

LOrd what is Man, loſt Man, that thou ſhou'd'ſt be
So mindful of him, that the Son of God
Should quit his Glory, his Divine Abode,
To be on Earth a poor Afflicted Man?
The Deity contracted to a Span!
And that for me (O wondrous Love) for me!
Reveal, ye glorious Spirits, when ye knew
The way the Son of God took to renew
Loſt Man, Your vacant Places to ſupply,
Bleſt Spirits tell,
Which did Excel,
Which was more prevalent,
Your Joy, or your Aſtoniſhment?
That for a Worm, a God ſhould Dye!
Oh! for a Quill drawn from your Wing,
To write the Praiſes of th' Eternal Love,
Oh! for a Voice, like Yours, to ſing
That *Anthem* here, which once you ſung Above.

By the ſame Hand.

IN the black diſmal Dungeon of Deſpair.
Pin'd with a Tormenting Care,
Wrackt with my Fears,
Drown'd in my Tears,
With dreadful Expectation of my Doom,
And certain horrid Judgments ſoon to come,
Lord, here I lie,
Loſt to all hope of Liberty,
Hence never to remove,
But by a Miracle of Love,
Which I ſcarce dare to hope, much leſs expect,
Being guilty of ſo great, ſo long Neglect.
Fool, that I was, worthy a ſharper Rod,
To ſlight thy Courtings, O my God!
For thou didſt Woo, Intreat and Grieve,
Didſt beg me to be happy and to Live,
But I would not, I choſe to dwell
With Death, too far from thee, too near to Hell.
But is there no Redemption, no Relief?
Thou ſav'ſt a Murd'rer and a Thief

Thy Mercy Lord once more advance,
And give, O give me ſuch a Glance
As *Peter* had; thy ſweet kind Chiding Look
Will change my Heart, as it did melt that Rock;
Look on me, *Jeſu*, as thou didſt on him,
'Tis more than to Create, thus to Redeem.

By the ſame Hand.

HOw have I ſtray'd, my God! where have I been,
Since firſt I wander'd in the maze of Sin?
Lord I have been I know not where,
So intricate Youths Follies are:
Age hath its Labyrinths, and Mazes too,
But neither hath a wiſe returning Clue,
Thy Look, thy Call to me
Shall my far better *Ariadne* be.
Hark, I hear my Shepherd call away,
And in a kind complaining Accent, ſay,
Why does my Soul thus ſtray?

O bleſſed Voice,
That prompts me to new Choice!
And fain, dear Shepherd, would I come,
But I can find no Track
To lead me back;
And if I ſtill go on, I am undone!
'Tis thou, O Lord, muſt bring me home,
Or, point me out, at leaſt, the way,
For ah! poor Souls have thouſand ways to ſtray,
Yet to return, alas, but One.

HYMN.

OH! that mine Eyes wou'd melt into a Flood,
That I might plunge in Tears for Thee,
As thou didſt Swim in Blood to ranſom me.
Oh! that this fleſhly Limbeck would begin
To drop a Tear for every Sin!
See how his Arms are ſpread,
To entertain Death's welcome Bands;
Behold his bowing Head,

His bleeding Hands!
His oft repeated Stripes, his wounded Side!
Hark how he Groans, remember how he Cry'd;
The very Heavens put weeds of Mourning on,
The ſolid Rocks in ſunder rent;
And yet this Heart, this Stone, could not relent.
Hard-hearted Man, to weep alone deny'd;
Hard-hearted Man, for whom alone he Dy'd.

The Paſſing-Bell.

COme honeſt Sexton, take thy Spade,
And let my Grave be quickly made:
Thou ſtill art ready for the Dead,
Like a kind Hoſt, to make my Bed.
I now am come to be thy Gueſt,
Let me in ſome Dark Lodging reſt,
For I am weary, full of pain,
And of my Pilgrimage complain.
On Heavens Decree I waiting lye,
And all my wiſhes are to dye.
Hark I hear my Paſſing-Bell,
Farewel, my loving Friends, Farewel;

2.

Make my cold Bed (good Sexton) deep,
That my poor Bones may ſafely ſleep;
Until that ſad and joyful Day,
When from Above a Voice ſhall ſay,
Wake all ye Dead, lift up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you Riſe.
Then do I hope, among the Juſt,
To ſhake off this Polluted Duſt;
And with new Robes of Glory dreſt,
To have acceſs among the Bleſt.
Hark I hear my Paſſing-Bell,
Farewel my loving Friends, Farewel.

JOB's CURSE.

By Dr. JEREMY TAYLOR.

LEt the Night perish, Curſed be the Morn
Wherein 'twas ſaid there is a Man-Child born.
Let not the Lord regard that Day, but ſhroud
It's fatal Glory in ſome ſullen Cloud.
May the dark ſhades of an Eternal Night
Exclude the leaſt kind beam of dawning Light,
Let unknown Babes as in the Womb they lye,
If it be mention'd, give a Groan and Dye.
No ſounds of Joy therein ſhall charm the Ear,
No Sun, no Moon, no Twi-light Stars appear,
But a thick Vale of gloomy Darkneſs wear.
Why did I not, when firſt my Mothers Womb
Diſcharg'd me thence, drop down into my Tomb?
Then had I been at quiet: and mine Eyes
Had ſlept and ſeen no Sorrow; there the wiſe
And ſubtil Councillor, the Potentate,
Who for themſelves built Palaces of State,
Lie huſht in ſilence; there's no Mid-night Cry
Caus'd by Oppreſſive Tyranny

Of

Of Wicked Rulers; There the Weary ceaſe
From Labour, there the Priſoner ſleeps in Peace
The Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave,
Reſt undiſt urb'd, and no Diſtinction have
Within the ſilent Chambers of the Grave.

The Words by a Young Lady.

THere's no diſturbance in the Heaven above,
And heavenly Souls do nothing elſe but Love;
No Anger, no Remorſe, no Diſcontent,
Can ſeize a Soul that's truly Innocent,
And aims at nought, but that ſhe may combine
With all ſhe finds, like to her ſelf, Divine:
And ſeeing Things in ſuch Confuſion hurl'd
Does not contend with, but deſpiſe the World.

A Dialogue between two Penitents.

1 *Pt.* HArk how the wakeful cheerful Cock
The Villagers Aſtrologer,
Clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day,
And chides thy Sleep and Night away.

2 *Pt.* I hear and thank my kind Remembrancer,
Flow, flow, my Tears, O when will you begin?
St. *Peter*'s Bird Reproves St. *Peter*'s Sin.

1 *P.* Complaining Man, haſt thou thy Chriſt deny'd?

2 *Pt.* Wo's me, I have done more than *Peter* did
With leſs Excuſe, and many ways beſide,
Ev'n ſince my Chriſt was glorify'd;
And this, alas, too oft, alas, more, more than thrice,
As often as I Choſe, and Woo'd a Vice,
Or brutiſh Luſt (to be Abhor'd)
Rejected Jeſu, my dear Lord.

1 *Pt.* O my ſad Heart! if that be to deny,
None ought to weep more Floods than I!

When

When to receive into my Heart a Sin,
I thrust my Jesu out, and took it in.
But Lord, how oft he came, and being deny'd
How dolefully he cry'd, (Dy'd!
Why dost thou use me thus, who for thee
2 *Pt.* Methinks, I hear him Call too from the Tree,
Ungrateful Wretch, were these Wounds mad for Thee,
Who both deny'dst me and betray'd me too?
For every wanton Kiss,
A very *Judas* is,
And each malicious Thought a spiteful *Jew*.
1 *Pt.* If Sins do now what cruel *Jews* di then,
Wound him afresh and Crucifie again,
Then we, alas, have his Tormentors been;
And by each vile deliberate Deed,
We make his Wounds afresh to bleed,
His Pain as various as our Sin.
2 *Pt.* True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands my Pride
Does first disrobe him, then deride;

I ſpit upon him by my Blaſphemy,
And Scourge him by my Cruelty;
My prophane Tears become the Thorns
That pierc'd his Head with Scorns.
And my Hypocriſy. *1ſt. Pr.* Stay!
To what prodigeous height our Sins amount!
Ev'ry Unkindneſs is a Dart,
The Spear that wounds his very Heart!
Chriſt could bear any thing but this!
Both. Since then, the Cauſe of both our Grief's the ſame,
Mix we our Tears, for Grief let's Dye,
'Tis juſt we act our own, who caus'd his Tragedy.

Upon a Quiet Conſcience. By K. Charles I.

CLoſe thine Eyes and ſleep ſecure,
Thy Soul is ſafe, thy Body ſure;
He that guards thee, he that keeps,
Never ſlumbers never ſleeps.
A quiet Conſcience, in a quiet Breaſt,
Has only Peace, has only Reſt:
The Muſick and the Mirth of Kings,
Are out of Tune, unleſs ſhe ſings.
Then cloſe thine Eyes in Peace, and reſt ſecure;
No ſleep ſo ſweet as Thine, no Reſt ſo ſure.

A Dialogue betwixt Dives *and* Abraham.

D. HElp Father *Abraham*, help for Mercies ſake,
Behold my Torments in this burning Lake;
Send *Lazarus* with Whirlwinds that he may
Theſe flames of melting Sulphur fan away.

A.

A. What Son of Hell and Darkneſs dare moleſt
This awful Saint, ſcarce warm yet on my Breaſt?

D. 'Tis I, great *Mammon*'s equal, one whoſe lot
Alas is only now, ——

Abr. I know thee not,

D. Father, 'tis *Dives*, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I,
Who Purpled ore fed once deliciouſly.

A. And canſt thou now his Charity implore
Whom thou ſaweſt lately at thy Flinty Door,
Begging for Crums, thoſe Crums that fell beſide
Thy ore-charg'd Table, and was then deny'd?
Vain Soul.

D. Some pity take.

A. Remember Son
Thy Dogs had pity on him, thou hadſt none.

D. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, O, in lieu,
Let him vouchſafe me but a little Dew
To cool my Tongue.

A. Not the leaſt drop of Grace
Can ever enter that forſaken Place.

D. Then send him to my Brethren, lest they come

To feel the weight of my Eternal Doom.

A. They've *Moses* and the *Prophets*.

D. True, but they

May yet a Summons from the Dead obey.

A. If to convert them *Sion's* Thunder fail,

A Summons from the Dead will ne'er prevail.

When once Death's fatal Hand has shut the Door,

The Gates of Mercy never open more.

SOLILOQUY.

1. DEar Saviour, oh! what ails this Heart?

Sure 'tis of Stone, it cannot smart,

Nor yet Relent the Death of thee,

Whose Death alone could ransom me.

Can I behold thy Pains so great,

Thine Agony, thy bloudy Sweat,

Thy Back with Whips and Scourges torn,

Thy Sacred Temples Crown'd with Thorn,

Thy Veins and Nerves extended wide,
Thy panting Heart, thy bleeding Side;
Thy Hands and Feet nail'd to the Wood,
And all thy Body drown'd in Blood;
Canſt thou pour forth ſuch Streams for me,
And I not drop one Tear for Thee?

2. Yet tender-hearted I can cry,
To ſee Romantick Heroes dye,
And *Priam*'s Fall commands my Eyes,
As Great *Ella* did the Skies;
Nay, a falſe Fable that can ſtart,
And call up Sorrow from my Heart;
A Player too, that dies in jeſt,
Can raiſe a Tempeſt in my breaſt:
But here when I ſhould grieve indeed,
Nor am I touch'd, nor can I bleed;
Heart! how I fear by this alone
There's ſomething in me worſe than Stone.

3. Behold!—See how this diſmal ſight
Puts the whole World into a fright,

The Graves did open, and the Dead,
Roſe from their Tombs and Marble Bed,
Earth did with Anguiſh ſhake again,
Convulſions felt in ev'ry Vein;
Th' amazed Sun withdrew his light,
Transforming Day to darkeſt Night.
The Temple's Vail in twain was Rent,
The ſtony Rocks in ſunder went;
The Murtherer did this Death bemoan,
And pitying it, forgot his own!
Down ſtupid ſtoutneſs, elſe 'tis true, (Jew;
Th' art worſe than Murtherer, worſe than
Lord of thy Mercy work a Wonder,
Cleave this obdurate Heart in ſunder.

PSALM

PSALM the CIV.

By Mr. Tate.

Part the Firſt.

1. BLeſs God, my Soul, thou God alone,
Poſſeſſeſt Empire without bounds,
With Honour thou art Crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.

2. With Light thou doſt thy ſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take;
Heaven's Curtains ſtretcht beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. He builds on Liquid Fire, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies,
The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

4. Spirits he made his heavenly Quire,
With ſpeed his Orders to fulfil,
His Miniſters a flaming Fire
To execute his dreadful Will.

5, 6. Earth on her Center fixt he ſet,
Her Face with Waters over-ſpread,

Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd as yet
To liſt above the Waves their head.

7. But when thy Thunder's Voice went forth,
The frighted Floods diſpers'd away,
Engulf'd in Caverns of the Earth,
And panting in her Boſom lay.

8. Thence up by ſecret tracts they creep,
And guſhing from the Mountains ſide
Through Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.

9. There haſt thou fixt the Ocean bounds,
Her threatning Surges to repel,
That ſhe no more tranſgreſs her mounds,
Nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

Part the Second.

10. Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her loſt Hills,
And ſtarting ſprings from every Lawn,
Surpriſe the Vales in plenteous Rills.

11. The Ox unyoak'd is thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,
And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred
Have ſenſe to find thoſe Currents out.

12. There shady Trees, from scorching Beams,
Yield Mansions to the Feather'd Throng,
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.

13. His Rains from Heaven parch'd Hills (recruit,
That soon transmit the Liquid Store,
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14. Grass for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the self same Soil produce;
And Herbs endu'd with Sovereign Power,
For Man that knows their Sovereign Use.

15. With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine
Whose Nectar Mortal Cares subdue
Gives Oyl that makes our Face to shine,
And Bread that wasted Strength renews.

Part the Third.

16. The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,
As those in Royal Gardens bred.

17. Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wanderers o' th' Air may reſt:
The Hoſpitable Pine from harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

18. Wild Goats the craggy Rocks aſcend,
Its towring height their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

19. The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhews
The appointed Seaſons of the Year;
The Inſtructed Sun his duty knows,
His Hours to Riſe, and Diſappear.

20,21. Darkneſs he makes the Day to ſhroud,
When Foreſt Beaſts ſecurely ſtray,
Young Lyons Roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that ſends 'em Prey.

22. They Range all Night on Slaughter bent,
Till, ſummon'd by the Riſing Morn,
To ſculking Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.

23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil
The Husbandman ſecurely goes;

Com-

Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his repoſe.

24. How various (Lord) thy Works are found?
For which thy Wiſdom we Adore:
The Earth is with thy Treaſure Crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

The Fourth Part.

25. But ſtill Thy vaſt unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies;
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry Form, and ev'ry Size.

26. The Gallant Ship there cuts her way,
Waited along by gazing Shoals:
Leviathan has room to play,
And like a Floating Iſland rowls.

27. Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land
In ſenſe of common Want agree;
All wait on Thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.

28. They gather what Thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their trouble to provide:

Thou

Thou op'ſt thy Hand——the Univerſe,
The Craving World, is all ſupply'd.

29. Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures Mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their Breath,—all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Duſt return.

30. Again, Thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth,
T' inſpire the Maſs with Vital Seed;
Nature's Reſtor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles on her New-Created Breed.

31. Thus through ſucceſſive Ages, ſtands
Firm fix'd thy Providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Works of Thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.

32. He darted forth a wrathful Look,
The trembling Earth Convulſions felt;
He touch't the Mountains, they did ſmoke,
And Rocks before his Lightning melt.

33, 34. In praiſing him, whilſt he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;
And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.

35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul praise thou his Holy Names;
Till, with thy Song, the listning World
Join Comfort, and his Praise proclaim.

The Evening HYMN.

NOW that the Sun hath veil'd his Light,
And bid the World good Night;
To the soft Bed my Body I dispose,
But where shall my Soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy Arms, and can there be
Any so sweet Security!
Then to thy Rest, O my Soul, and singing, praise
The Mercy that prolongs thy Days.
Hallelujah.

On

On our SAVIOUR's *Paſſion.*

EArth trembled, and Heaven's cloſing Eye
Was loath to ſee the Lord of Glory Dye!
The Skies were clad in Mourning, & the Sphears
Forgot their Harmony;——
The Clouds dropt Tears.
Th' ambitious Dead aroſe to give him Room,
And ev'ry Grave op'd wide to be his Tomb.
Th' impatient Temple rent her Vale in Two,
To teach our Hearts, what our ſad Hearts
ſhould do.
Can ſenſleſs Things do This, and ſhall not I
Melt One poor Drop to ſee my Saviour Dye!
Drill forth my Tears, and trickle One by One,
Till you have pierc'd this Heart of Mine, this
Stone!

The PENITENT, *by Dr.* Jeremy Taylor.

LOrd I have sinn'd, and the black Number swells
To such a dismal Sum,
That should my Stony Heart and Eyes,
And this whole sinful Trunk a Flood become,
And melt to Tears, their drops could not suffice
To count my Score,
Much less to pay:
But Thou, my God, hast Blood in store,
Yet, since the Balsom of thy Blood,
Although it can, will do no Good,
Unless the Wound be cleans'd in Tears before;
Thou in whose sweet, but pensive Face,
Laughter cou'd never steal a Place,
Teach but my Heart and Eyes
To melt away,
And then one Drop of Balsom will suffice.

The

The Blessed VIRGIN's
EXPOSTULATION,

When our Saviour *at Twelve Years of Age had withdrawn Himself*, Luk. c. 2. v. 42.

By N. Tate.

TEll me some pitying Angel, quickly say
Where does my Soul's sweet Darling stray,
In Tygers, ormore cruel *Herod's* Way?
O! rather let his tender Foot-steps prest
Unguarded through the Wilderness,
Where milder Salvages resort;
The Desart's safer than a Tyrant's Court.
Why, fairest Object of my Love,
Why dost Thou from my longing Eyes remove?
Was it a waking Dream that did foretel
Thy wondrous Birth? No Vision from Above?
Where's *Gabriel* now that visited my Cell?
All——He comes not——flatt'ring Hopes,
Farewel.

Me

Me *Judah's* Daughters once Caress'd,
Call'd me of Mother's the most Blest;
Now (fatal Change!) of Mothers, most distress'd!
How shall my Soul its Motions guide,
How shall I stem the various Tide,
Whilst Faith and Doubt my lab'ring Thoughts divide?
For whilst of thy Dear Sight I am beguil'd,
I Trust the God—But oh! I fear the *Child*.

On

On Pilate's *Expoſing our* LORD *to the* Jews, *and ſaying to them,* Behold the Man.

By Mr. Arwaker.

BEhold the Man! inhuman *Pilate!* No;
Who can have Eyes for ſuch a Scene of Woe?
Call the remorſeleſs Crocodile, and ſee
If that can bear ſuch barbarous Cruelty,
Shou'd that behold the Out-rage you commit,
Its Tears wou'd be no longer counterfeit.
Behold the Man! oh! you miſtake the Name,
Behold the Man, behold the God you mean;
No Man for ſo much Torture cou'd ſuffice,
No Man ſo Triumph in his Miſeries;
He ſhews himſelf a God in tyring Thee,
And proves by ſuffering his Divinity.
But oh! that Style the Man muſt not refuſe,
Whom Pilate dares, whom Pilate can abuſe.
While from the Sluces of each open'd Pore
Flows a rich Torrent of Redeeming Gore,

And

And on his Head ſharp piercing Thornes appear,
That Head which Rays of Glory us'd to wear;
And he whom Heav'n's ſcarce worthy to contain,
Do's in a Cell of Humane Fleſh remain,
Expos'd to Sorrows beyond parallel,
Sorrows too Tragick to behold or tell;
Oh! thou mayſt ſay, *Behold the Man*, too well!
Behold! alas! I cannot, will not ſee,
I am too tender for the Tragedy,
Shou'd I behold his vaſt Expence of Blood,
My Eyes wou'd melt into another Flood.
Yet I will ſee whence all this Grief proceeds,
For me, alas! he Groans, for me he Bleeds!
My Sin expos'd him to theſe Wounding ſtrokes,
Yet he intreats the Pow'r which that provokes;
The Tide of Blood in which he floats, is ſhed
To ſave the Wretch by whom his Wounds were made.
Oh, then forbear on *Pilate* to Exclaim,——
He's Innocent, and I alone to blame!

His Guilt muſt juſtly fall on Wretched me,
Who edg'd his Rage, and arm'd his Cruelty.
Oh! then behold the Man thou haſt betray'd!
Behold the Man that do's thy Crimes upbraid!
Behold the Man of Grief, the Man of Love!
Condemn the Author, but th' Effect approve.
Behold, and Mourn for thy Ingratitude,
Behold, and Triumph for thy Pardon Su'd,
Thy Paradiſe regain'd, & Innocence renew'd;
And when thou haſt ſufficiently deplor'd
The Suff'ring Man, and Sinning Man abhor'd,
Then from the Humbl'd Man thy Thoughts muſt ſoar,
And high in Heav'n th' Exalted God Adore.
And let the ſight of this great Suff'rer move
Tow'rds him alike thy Pity and thy Love.

Tranſlations out of Boethius, *by* Mr. Arwaker.

Lib. 2. *Metre the Fourth.*

WHo ere with a Serene and ſettled Mind
Contemns the Injuries by Fate deſign'd,
Viewing each Fortune with indiffrent Eyes,
And can unalter'd both alike deſpiſe;
Him the loud Storms that make the Ocean ſwell
Amidſt their Rage, ſhall find immoveable.
His Courage wou'd not ſhrink at *Ætna*'s Fire,
But rather nobly Periſh, than Retire.
Nor can the ſtrong Convulſion Fits that make
Th' Earth tremble, his firm Reſolution ſhake,
Nor ev'n the Thunder's ſtroke make him affraid
By which the proudeſt Tow'rs in Duſt are laid.
He who does ne'er with Hope or Fear engage,
Diſarms, and triumphs over Fortune's Rage.

But he who hopes or fears what is not ſure,
Nor in his pow'r to hinder, or procure,
Has thrown away his Shield, forſook his Ground,
And made a Chain with which himſelf is bound.

Metre Fifth.

HE that wou'd chooſe a Station ſo ſecure
To baffle Fate, and all its Storms endure,
Muſt neither on the Mountain's *ſummit* ſtand,
Nor truſt his Fortune to the failing Sand,
That ſtands expos'd to all the blaſts of Fate,
And faithleſs this will ſink beneath your weight:
Then if thou wou'dſt contemn the dangerous Shock,
Fix thy ſafe Footſteps on an humble Rock;
Let Fortune ſtorm, in this ſecure Retreat,
Thou ſhalt the force of all its Rage defeat.

Metre

Metre Sixth.

HAppy the former Age to which each Field
Did all the Objects of its Wishes yield!
That which cheap *Acorns* did its Pallate feast,
And nothing in Luxurious Banquets wast;
Happily ignorant of the Use of Wine,
They Quaff'd the Streams, and thought the Drink Divine;
No *Tyrian* Purple Carpets then they chose,
But took on Grassy Beds more soft repose;
Beneath a lofty Pine's inviting shade,
Alike for State, and for Convenience made.
They had not then found out the fatal way
To lose their Lives and Fortunes in the Sea;
Nor did the wand'ring Merchant then repair
To Foreign Shores to vend, or Purchase Ware.
No Trumpets then proclaim'd Wars loud Alarms,
Nor Blood in Anger shed defil'd their Arms;
For who but Mad-men wou'd a Fight maintain,
Where loss of Bloud and Life is all the gain?

The last TRUMPET.

The Words by Mr. Tate.

AWake ye Dead, the Trumpet calls;
Awake, awake, to Sleep no more,
Heark from aloft the Frozen Region falls
With Noise so loud it deafs the Ocean's Roar;
Allarm'd, amaz'd, the clatt'ring Orbs come down,
The Virtuous Soul alone,
Appears unmov'd while Earths Foundations shake;
Ascends and Mocks the Universal Wreck.

The Slaughter of the INNOCENTS
Matth. ii. *v.* 16.

By the ſame Hand.

SWeet *Innocents* that found the way
Through Bloudy Paths of Martyrdom,
To your Celeſtial and Eternal Home,
Before your harmleſs Feet had learn'd to ſtray.
Early, but not untimely, Dead,
Who to preſerve the World's great Saviour bled;
For all his bitter Pangs the beſt Return,
The beſt of us can make
Is for his Precious ſake;
(And few have dar'd ſo far) to Bleed or Burn.
If then 'tis Glorious to purſue
His great Example, what muſt be your Due,—
Who Dy'd for him, before he Dy'd for you?

Upon the Sight of an

ANATOMY.

By Mr. Tate.

1.

NAy, ſtart not at that *Skeleton*,
'Tis your own Picture which you ſhun;
Alive it did reſemble Thee,
And thou, when dead, like that ſhalt be:
Converſe with it, and you will ſay,
You cannot better ſpend the Day;
You little think how you'll admire
The Language of thoſe *Bones* and *Wire*.

2. The

2.

The *Tongue* is gone, but yet each Joint
Reads Lectures, and can ſpeak to th' Point.
When all your Moraliſts are read,
You'll find no Tutors like the Dead.

3.

If in Truth's Paths thoſe *Feet* have trod,
'Tis all one whether bare, or ſhod:
If us'd to travel to the Door
Of the Afflicted Sick and Poor,
Though to the Dance they were eſtrang'd,
And ne'er their own rude Motion chang'd;
Thoſe Feet, now wing'd, may upwards fly,
And tread the Palace of the Sky.

4

Thoſe *Hands*, if ne'er with Murther ſtain'd,
Nor fill'd with Wealth unjuſtly gain'd,
Nor greedily at Honours graſpt,
But to the *Poor-Man's* Cry unclaſpt;
It matters not, if in the Myne
They delv'd, or did with Rubies ſhine.

5.

Here grew the *Lips*, and in that Place,
Where now appears a vacant ſpace,
Was fix'd the *Tongue*, an Organ, ſtill
Employ'd extreamly well or ill;
I know not if it cou'd retort,
If vers'd i' th' Language of the Court;
But this I ſafely can aver,
That if it was no Flatterer;
If it traduc'd no Man's Repute,
But, where it cou'd not Praiſe, was Mute:
If no falſe Promiſes it made,
If it ſung Anthems, if it Pray'd,
'Twas a bleſt *Tongue*, and will prevail
When Wit and Eloquence ſhall fail.

6.

If Wiſe as *Socrates*, that *Skull*,
Had ever been, 'tis now as dull
As *Midas*'s; or if its Wit
To that of *Midas* did ſubmit,

'Tis

'Tis now as full of Plot and Skill,
As is the Head of *Machiavel*:
Proud Laurels once might ſhade that Brow,
Where not ſo much as Hair grows now.

7.

Prime Inſtances of Nature's Skill,
The *Eyes*, did once thoſe Hollows fill:
Were they quick-ſighted, ſparkling, clear,
(As thoſe of Hawks and Eagles are,)
Or ſay they did with Moiſture ſwim,
And were diſtorted, blear'd, and dim;
Yet if they were from Envy free,
Nor lov'd to gaze on Vanity;
If none with ſcorn they did behold,
With no laſcivious Glances rowl'd:
Thoſe Eyes, more bright and piercing grown,
Shall view the Great Creator's Throne;
They ſhall behold th' *Inviſible*,
And on Eternal Glories dwell.

8.

See! not the leaſt Remains appear
To ſhew where Nature plac'd the *Ear!*
Who knows if it were Muſical,
Or cou'd not judge of Sounds at all?
Yet if it were to Council bent,
To Caution and Reproof attent,
When the ſhrill Trump ſhall rouſe the Dead,
And others hear their Sentence read;
That *Ear* ſhall with theſe Sounds be bleſt,
Well done, and, *Enter into Reſt.*

PSAL.

PSALM the First.

By Capt. Walker.

1.

HAppy the Man, who ſhuns the beaten Road,
And treads the unfrequented Paths of Good;
Whom, by a vertuous Reſtraint,
From Sin preſerv'd ſecure,
No ſtrong contagious Vice can taint,
Nor Charming Ills allure:
Who makes *Jehovah*'s Laws his dear Delight,
His Practice ev'ry Day, and Study ev'ry Night.

2.

Him ſhall Juſt Heav'n in all his Actions bleſs,
And crown his Labours with a wiſht Succeſs;
He, like a flouriſhing Tree, ſhall prove
Near ſome fair River's ſide,
Refreſht with Heavenly Dews Above,
Below

Below with ev'ry Tide:
Spreading his fertile Branches towards the Sky,
His Leaf ſhall never fade, his Root ſhall never dy.

3.

Not ſo the Wicked; whoſe unhallowed Minds
Like ſcatter'd Chaff, before the whiſtling Winds
By various and impetuous Guſts
Of Raging Paſſions toſt,
'Midſt thouſand Sins, and changing Luſts
Are miſerably loſt;
And wandring from the Sacred ways of Peace
Their Fears ſhall never Dye, their Plaints ſhall
never ceaſe.

PSALM lvii. *Verſ.* 8, 9, 10.

By the ſame Hand.

1.

AWake my Glory, e'er the Roſy Morn
Does with a Purple Bluſh the Skies adorn;
Before the Sun ariſe to break the Day,
Awake and chaſe thy gloomy Sleep away.

2.

Awake ſoft Lute, awake my charmful Lyre,
With ſacred Tranſports my warm Breaſt inſpire;
Awake each Faculty, awake and ſing,
In holy Raptures my Almighty King.

3.

In Notes Divine let my glad Voice proclaim
His mighty Goodneſs, and Eternal Name;
Let my loud Praiſes thro' the World reſound,
While crowding Nations liſten all around.

4. But

4.

But oh! my God, thy Wonders are too great
For Tongue to ſpeak, or Verſe to celebrate;
So vaſt thy Mercies, and thy Truths ſo high,
They pierce the Clouds, and reach beyond the Sky.

A PARAPHRASE on the 79th Pſalm.

1.

HOw long, O Lord, of everlaſting Might,
Shall the ſucceſsful Heathen make abode,
In thy Inheritance, O God!
How long defile thy Temple, and uſurp thy Right?
See! how the once Proud City Lies,
Salem, a heap of Stones, for pity cries.
Nor here does their unbounded Fury ſtay,
Thy Prieſts they on the Altars ſlay,
And caſt 'em forth to Birds, and ſavage Beaſts of prey.

Witneſs

Witneſs the Blood, that now on every ſide
Surrounds the City with a Purple Tide;
Witneſs the Bodies they deny to have,
The common Privilege of a Grave.
This is our Woe, and this our Fate,
While neighbouring Nations to encreaſe the Weight,
Triumphantly Rejoice in our unhappy State.

2.

But, O! Thou God of Mercy and of Love
How long wilt thou remove
Thy deareſt Attributes from Thee?
How long with Anger burn, and fiery Jealouſy?
Rather thy irreſiſtleſs Wrath employ
Upon the Kingdoms, who thy Name
Have never known, or known diſclaim,
And durſt thy *Jacob's* Dwellings impiouſly deſtroy.
Forget our Sins, O Lord:
And with a Father's Love relief afford;
Us, like thy Children, treat,
And let thy Mercy be, as our Affliction, great.

3.

Help, O God, of our Salvation,
Help, for the Glory of thy Name;
Nor let thy own, thy own, tho' ſinful Nation,
By Thee deſerted, ſuffer ſhame.
Let not deriding Heathens cry,
O! where is now their fancy'd Deity.
And ſmile, and wonder
At Thy great Power, and yet unactive Thunder.
Riſe! Lord, and let that Bloud the Heathen ſhed,
Dye them again with Red;
And let thy Vengeance publick be,
That what they ſuffer we (O God) may ſee.

4.

Let the loud Groans of Captives pierce the Sky,
And hear, and in a timely Hour
Reſcue from Death, who ſentenc'd are to Dye;
Shew boundleſs Mercy, join'd with boundleſs Power:
But for thoſe Wretches, who blaſphem'd thy Name,
Cloath them with Everlaſting Shame,

That

That by their Suffering they may see,
And dread the Wrath of thy Divinity.
So we that are
Thy darling Flock, and thy peculiar Care,
May in most thankful Numbers raise
To Thee, Eternal God, Eternal Praise.
Hallelujah.

The CONVERT.

An Ode *Written by Mr.* George Herbert.

1.

IF ever Tears did flow from *Eyes*,
If ever *Voice* was hoarse with Cries,
If ever *Heart* was sore with Sighs;
Let now my *Eyes*, my *Voice*, my *Heart*,
Strive each to play their Part.

2.

My *Eyes* from whence theſe Tears did ſpring,
Where treach'rous Syrens us'd to ſing,
Shall flow no more—until they bring
A Deluge on my ſenſual Flame,
And waſh away my Shame.

3.

My *Voice*, that oft with fooliſh Lays,
With Vows and Rants, and ſenſleſs Praiſe,
Frail Beauty's Charms to Heav'n did raiſe,
Henceforth ſhall only pierce the Skies,
In Penitential Cryes.

4.

My *Heart*, that gave fond Thoughts their Food,
(Till now averſe to all that's Good)
The Temple where an *Idol* ſtood,
Henceforth in Sacred Flames ſhall Burn,
And be that *Idol*'s URN.

The Prophet ELIJAH *Tranſlated up to Heaven.*

By Mr. Tate.

Elijah long and faithful Service boaſts,
Under the Banner of the Lord of Hoſts ;
Who now, his ſignal Conqueſts to Reward,
A Chariot for his Triumph has prepar'd ;
Such matchleſs Virtue nobly to requite,
Tranſlates him Body'd to the Realms of Light :
The Prophet now with gen'rous Scorn ſurveys
This Earth, where He but for a Paſsport ſtays ;
And do's entirely his fir'd Thoughts employ
On thoſe bright Regions He muſt ſoon enjoy.
But firſt (for in his Road to Heav'n they lay)
A Viſit to the Prophet's Schools He'll pay,
In Legacy, where He his Progreſs goes,
His Councel and his Bleſſing He beſtows.

Eliſha do's his Maſter's ſteps attend ; —
A Servant worthy to be ſtil'd a Friend.

From *Gilgal*'s Plain, to *Bethel* Journeying on,
The Prophet Courts his Servant to be gone;
Near *Jericho* once more his Charge repeats,
But ſtill Commands in vain, in vain Entreats.
When Love and Duty once diſpute the Field,
Duty it ſelf muſt to Affection yield.

The Prophet now to *Jordan*'s Bank is come,
The laſt ſhort Stage to his Celeſtial Home;
His Mantle's Sacred Force the *Jordan* knew,
And conſciouſly in parting Tides withdrew.
That Stream, long ſince ſubdu'd, at his command
Was diſciplin'd to fall, to ſwell, or ſtand.

The naked Channel now with eaſe paſs'd o'er,
And Both arriv'd to the remoter ſhore;
On that laſt ſpot of Earth his Feet muſt tread;
The Prophet to his Faithful Servant, ſaid——

O for thy Truth and Love, my Servant, ſay,
How ſhall a grateful Maſter Thee repay?
E'er to Eternal Manſions born away:

For

For Thee, who ſtill muſt Earthly Toils purſue,
Inſtruct thy willing Maſter what to do,
Who wou'd to Thee be Kind, as thou to him wer't True.

The Favourite with ſuch Indulgence bleſt,
So kindly urg'd to make his own Requeſt,
A while with modeſt Gratitude ſtands mute,
Delays to utter his important Suit;
Who elſe might inſtantly his Wiſh impart,
For 'twas already form'd within his Heart;
So vaſt a Boon he trembles to expreſs,
Yet muſt depart unſatisfy'd with leſs.
Not Pow'r or Pomp, not Safety, Wealth, or Eaſe,
His gen'rous and enflam'd Deſires can pleaſe
Too narrow All for his expanded Mind,
It will not be to Nature's Bounds confin'd.
His Soul can Revelation only prize,
Rapture and Correſpondence with the Skies;
The World do's no proportion'd Scene preſent;
No leſs than Heav'n on Earth can his vaſt Soul Content.

O Man of God, he cry'd, let me inherit
A double Portion of thy Sacred Spirit:
These impious Times such strong Convictions need,
I cannot else to thy great Charge succeed;
My Weakness this Concession do's require,
E'er to thy Sacred Office I aspire;
To perfect the Foundation Thou hast laid,
Elisha must have 'twice *Elijah*'s Aid.

The Prophet grants, but grants with this Reserve,
If me at parting thy fix'd Eyes observe,
If in that Minute on their Watch they'r found,
Thou hast thy Wish, 'tis else an empty Sound.

A Tempest to their Conference puts an end,
The fiery Steeds and flaming Wain descend.
What mean these Terrors? This impetuous Air?
Can Death so dreadful as this Change appear?
Who wou'd not choose to pass his brazen Gate,
If such fierce Blessings must on Rapture wait?
Mistaken Thought! the Charriot and the Storm
Of Terrour only have the Sound and Form.

The

The Viſion do's but Lambent Flames preſent,
For Speed, not Violence, the Whirl-wind's ſent.

Eliſha the whole Scene with ſtill-fix'd Eyes,
Beholds, and to his tow'ring Maſter crys,
My Father, O my Father! ~~—~~ *Iſrael* now,
Has loſt her Chariot and her Horſe-men too!
Tearing his Garments, as on him he calls,
In Recompence *Elijah*'s Mantle falls;
While of the Reſt his weeping Sight's bereav'd,
His Arms the kind deſcending Pledge receiv'd.

Now, penſive, back to *Jordan*'s Bank he goes,
Whoſe *Streams* his Paſſage to the *Schools* oppoſe;
He now muſt put Heav'ns *Promiſe* to the Teſt,
And prove if he *Elijah*'s Spirit poſſeſt.
Diſmantled on the Current's Verge he ſtood,
Then ſmote, and cry'd,—Where's now *Elijah*'s God?
Chaſtis'd by Him the ſwelling Streams give way,
And Great *Elijah*'s greater Heir Obey.

HYMN,

HYMN, by H. W.

1.

THou God for ever blest!
Of uncreated Pow'r possest,
Whose Habitation is in Light retir'd,
From thy Celestial Throne
With Pity (Lord) look down,
Behold, relieve my troubled Mind:
Anguish and Horror from my Heart remove,
Thou God of everlasting Peace and Love.

2.

And Thou, who sitt'st at his Right-hand,
That do'st th' Angelick Hosts command,
Thou, who on Earth didst heav'nly Pow'r display,
Thou, whose mild Voice made Winds and Seas obey;
The Storms, the Tempest in my Breast allay.

Chastise,

Chaſtiſe, Controul
The boiſ'ring Waves that howl,
And Toſs and Wreck, and quite o'er-whelm
my ſick deſpairing Soul.

3.

And Thou moſt ſweet and ſacred Dove,
The God of Conſolation and of Love,
Viſit, O Viſit ev'ry Part
Of my afflicted Heart:
That Heart for thy Reception to prepare,
By thy moſt heav'nly Influence,
Expel all ſinful Thoughts from thence,
And Save me from the Gulph of *black Deſpair*.

Heze-

Hezekiah's *Sickneſs and Recovery:* KINGS *the* II. *Chap.* 20.

By *Mr.* Tate.

With double Pleaſure ſprung the cheerful Dawn,
That ſaw the *Syrians* threatning Hoſt withdrawn:
Yet, ah! no ſooner Wars Allarms are fled,
No ſooner *Peace* her *brooding* Wings had ſpread;
But *Sickneſs*, arm'd with *Death*'s reſiſtleſs Sting,
Invades the Sacred Perſon of the King!
The raging Peſt within his Vitals reign'd,
More dang'rous than the *Siege* he had *ſuſtain'd*.
The fatal Summons Purple Symptoms gave,
And *Thus* the *Prophet* warns him to his Grave.
" Thy *Houſe* in Order ſet, diſpoſe thy *State*,
" For *Death*, O *King*, do's on my *Meſſage* wait;
" He ſtalks behind me to thy Palace-Gate.

The

The Prince, who had Beſieging Hoſts defy'd,
Turns Pale, and deeply Sighing, Thus reply'd;

" Can Heav'n impoſe, where Juſtice is ſublime,
" A Task ſo weighty and ſo ſhort a Time?
" My Houſe in Order ſet, diſpoſe my State!
" Surpriz'd, like Me, with Life's laſt ſtage in View,
" Alas! what could a private Maſter do?
" If Him a Doom ſo ſudden wou'd o'erwhelm,
" Ah! what muſt I, who ſit at *Judah*'s Helm,
" My Family, no leſs than All the *Realm*!
" That Realm how ſhall I orderly bequeath,
" E'er Wars Alarms afford me time to breath?
" How place my Scepter e'er my Sword I Sheath?
" But if th' Almighty Wiſdom has thought fit,
" That I ſhou'd *Judah*'s Royal Enſigns quit;
" My Soul at his Decree ſhall ne'er Repine,
" Both Life and Empire, at his Call Divine,
" I will Reſign——But ah! to whom Reſign?
" For yet the Marriage Bed's to me unknown,
" And *Judah* wants an Heir to *Judah*'s Throne.

" Shall

" Shall *Iſrael's* Ten Apoſtate Tribes, their King
" To *Sion's* Tow'r, and worſe———
" Unhallow'd Idols to the Temple bring?
" Or ſhall *Aſſyrian* Troops the Siege renew,
" And *Rabſheka's* blaſpheming Threats prove True?

When in ſuch Terms the Royal Saint had mourn'd,
His Face, bedew'd with Tears, he meekly turn'd,
Turn'd to the Wall: Why thither? that his Mind
Might leſs Diſtraction in that Poſture find,
Or ſecret Pray'rs more fervently to preſs;
(As warm Devotion loves no Witneſſes.)
Or that his Palace open'd on that ſide
A Proſpect, whence his Eyes the Temple ſpy'd,
Where wiſh'd Acceſs was to his Feet deny'd.
A ſecond Deluge at his View he ſhow'r'd,
And thus his Soul her Deprecation pour'd.

" Remember, Lord, (with humble Truſt I ſue)
" How to thy Service I have been moſt True:
" With perfect Heart by ſtrong *Devotion* warm'd,
" That which was Righteous in thy ſight perform'd.

The

The Royal Saint paus'd here; and hov'ring round,
Attending Angels ſtrive to catch each Sound:
Scarce could They for their finiſht Errand ſtay,
While thus the Pious Prince proceeds to Pray--
" How prays He?—Not one Accent more he ſpoke.
" But when his Tongue grows mute, his Thoughts invoke;
" His Tears and Groans their *Office* ſtill maintain;
" Let then the faithful *Muſe*———
" The Language of thoſe Groans and Tears explain.
(and Wiſe,
They ſaid—" Thou ſeeſt, O God, moſt Juſt
" All fix'd on me, the Neighb'ring Nations *Eyes*;
" How in a Leud and Superſtitious Age
" Alone I ſtand, and for thy Truth engage
" Thy Worſhip's Champion; if in Death I ſleep,
" From *Pagan Force*, who ſhall thine Altars keep?
" The *Reformation*, I with Toil commenc'd,
" Will ſoon relapſe to Ruin when unfenc'd:
" The *Aſſyrian* Savage with impetuous Haſte
(" Th' Encloſure gone) will lay thy Vineyard waſte.

" Let

" Let me, or let my Cauſe, thy Favour claim,
" Support thy Servant, or at leaſt thy Name;
" Reſtore me from the Grave, prolong my Days;
" Prolong them, that I may prolong thy Praiſe.

Nor yet the Prophet had the Palace left,
And Royal Patient, of all Hope bereft;
But He, whoſe Viſit made the Court to Mourn,
Of Life the welcom Envoy muſt Return.

" Turn, cry'd the Viſion, bring my Saint Relief,
" Tell *Hezekiah*, tell my People's Chief;
" Thy Father *David*'s God has heard thy *Pray'r*,
" Beheld thy Tears, and will thy Health repair:
" The Third Day's Sun ſhall ſee that Health reſtor'd,
" (But Miracles muſt firſt confirm my Word;)
" Who now wants Breath his mournful Crys to raiſe,
" Shall in the Temple then reſound my *Praiſe*.

On the Death of Mr. Fell, *who was found Dead upon his Knees in his Chamber.*

PRetending private Study, when thy Mind
To Paradiſe this Voyage had deſign'd,
Was ſure a Pious (though ſurpriſing) Fraud,
And ſuch as Saints and Angels muſt applaud.
Elijah thus pretending to Retire,
Told of the Water, but conceal'd the Fire.
Eliſha, had he ſought no more to know,
Had loſt his Spirit and his Mantle too.
Such Legacies, bleſt Soul, might'ſt thou have giv'n,
Had we but ſeen thee when ſnatcht up to *Heav'n*.
Sure, Paradiſe was open'd to thy view,
When with thy Pray'r thy Soul together flew.
In ſuch a ſacred Rapture *Stephen* ſpy'd
Heav'n's Gates unlockt, and forthwith kneel'd, and dy'd;
To Heav'n thou now haſt ſhewn the neareſt *way*;
Which is, like Thee, to Study and to Pray.

You, that carve Virtue deckt with ev'ry Grace,
As if her Beauties lay in Hands and Face,
Come Counterfeit this *Image* if you dare,
The first Original *Statue* of a Prayer!
Heaven took thee up when it beheld thee down;
So Princes kneel when they receive a Crown.
Nor did Heav'ns sudden Summons Thee surprise,
It scarce could ever find thee otherwise.
Thy pious Soul in Consecrated Clay,
(For 'twas a Temple) never ceas'd to pray.
Thy oft repeated Storms Heaven's Gates assail'd,
Whose sacred Violence at last prevail'd;
Heaven kindly yielding sent a Message down,
To bid thee enter, and possess the Crown.
One Period ends thy Combat and thy Breath,
Thy Conquest bravely finish'd in thy Death.
Such was *Epaminondas* noble Pride;
The minute that he Overcame, he dy'd.
Alas! what cannot warm Religion dare?
No Walls so high, but may be scal'd by Pray'r.
New Stratagems by Piety are found,
And highest Flights take rise from off the ground.

What happy Zeal thy Spirit did inſpire,
That 'midſt thy Tears could kindle ſo much fire?
Which made thee ſo impatient of delay,
Thy zealous haſte cou'd ſcarce Heaven's leiſure ſtay,
But leſt thy Meſſage ſhould too late come there,
Thy ſelf went'ſt poſt to overtake thy Prayer.
Thy Soul and Pray'r ſo intimate became,
That, like old Friends, they now were grown the ſame,
'Twas only Heaven (ſo much alike they were)
That could diſcern the Spirit from the Prayer.
Enjoy bleſt Shade what thou haſt bravely won,
Poſſeſs that Heaven which thou hadſt here begun;
Heaven doth to us thy proſtrate Body grant,
The precious Reliques of ſo great a Saint,
Which ſhould it longer in this Poſture ſtay,
Would, like thy Soul, we fear, be ſnatch'd away.
Grudge not thy Body ſhould to Earth be given,
A welcome Preſent, as thy Soul to Heaven:
Whilſt this here prays below, that ſings on high,
We'll learn of this to *pray*, of that to *fly*.

A PARAPHRASE On several TEXTS of SCRIPTURE, Expressing the SIGHS OF A PENITENT SOUL.

Translated from *Hermannus Hugo.*

The INTRODUCTION.

Lord thou knowest all my Desire, and my Groaning is not hid from thee, Ps. 38. v. 9.

HE only knows my Grief, whose Eyes can dart
Into the dark Recesses of my Heart;
He only views those Labyrinths of Night,
Who gilds the Day, and gives the Sun his Light.
Stretcht on the solitary Shore I lye,
With wing'd Petitions fill the vaulted Sky;
Yet what I wish, none knows but *He*, and *I!*

The Groans, the Pangs, that in my Boſom riſe,
We Two can only tell;—and we ſuffice.

PSALM 6. *Verſ.* 3.

Have Mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak,
heal me for my Bones are broken.

SHall I complain? or ſilently depart?
Complaints are juſt, & I will eaſe my *Heart.*
A common *Friend* condoles his *Friend* in Woe,
What therefore ſhould a tender Lover do?
Were then thy *Oaths* of *Love*, but flatt'ring Wind?
I did not think thou couldſt be ſo unkind!
Ah! couldſt thou know me ſick to this degree,
And yet ſo long defer to viſit me?
Melampus, *Podalyrius*, *Chiron* too,
And *Pæan*, tho' with Gout and Palſie ſlow,
Have all been here, each Member of the Train
Has read his tedious Lecture on my Pain.
But my *Hypocrates* was abſent ſtill;
Thou com'ſt the laſt;—Thou whoſe reſiſtleſs Skill
Can Cure with greater ſpeed than they can Kill.

They

They ſhake their Heads, & with dejected Eye,
The feeble Motion of my Pulſe they try :
But what's the wiſe Reſult of all their Art ?
They cry, *I'm ſick*—Yes, *I am ſick—at heart !*
Thro' all my Veins the dire Infection creeps,
My Vitals too in ſtrong Poſſeſſion keeps.
My Pains, my Pangs, my Agonies encreaſe,
And Phyſicks baffled Pow'r gives no Releaſe.
Behold theſe Lineaments diſguis'd with Woe,
If thou again this alter'd Face canſt know ?
Behold theſe Eyes, each bury'd in its Cell,
Theſe Cheeks where freſheſt *Beauty* us'd to dwell;
In Ruins there each graceful Feature lies;
Tho' chaſt with Wine, no lively Bluſh will riſe.

Then to whoſe Altar ſhould I now repair,
But Thine, who only canſt redreſs my Care ?
Thou only canſt my raging Grief controul,
Who art the great Phyſician of the Soul.

JE-

JEREMIAH 9. *Verſ.* 1.

O that my Head were turned into Water, and my Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep Day and Night.

Nymphs of the *Flood*, how truly bleſt are you?
Whoſe beauteous Limbs in liquid Chryſtal flow!
And They whoſe metamorphos'd Frame diſtill'd
To Lakes that ſoon the wondring *Valleys* fill'd,
Why of your Fortune ſhould this Head deſpair;
(This wretched Head) with, more tormenting Care
Turn'd to a Spring, with *Moſs* inſtead of *Hair*?
On *Earth* my weary out-ſtretcht *Arms* I throw,
In hopes they will, like yours, diſſolve, & flow;
But my hard Stars ſo bleſt a Change deny,
For Rivers Emblems are of *Liberty*.
O that I could a ſudden Fountain prove,
As *Ariſ* once for *Galatea*'s Love!
That thoſe kind Pow'rs, who ſet ſad *Biblis* free,
Would now repeat the Miracle in me!

Since Floods and Seas, I but in vain implore,
Let ſome kind Show'r ſupply me with its ſtore;
Then from my Eyes ſuch plenteous Streams would flow,
As fall from lofty *Pindus* melting Snow;
Which down the Furrows of my Cheeks ſhould run
In Courſe, as conſtant as the Circling Sun:
No Reſt ſhould in my trickling Tears be found,
Till all my *Sins* were in that *Deluge* drown'd.

PSALM 69. *Verſ.* 15.

Let not the Water-flood overflow me, nor the Deep ſwallow me up.

MY Life's a *Sea*, now raging, now at Reſt;
And I the *Ship*, with gawdy Streamers dreſt.
What are the *Breezes* there, each flatt'ring Wind,
But thoſe diſſembling Paſſions of my Mind?
Invited by theſe Gales I raſhly float,
And tempt the Ocean in a fickle Boat.
No want of youthful Dalliance to excite,
But pleaſures Tiding up with full Delight;
Syrens that charm at once my *Ear* & *Sight*.

O Faithleſs Main, that with ſo calm a Brow
Doſt ſmile,——how rough and boiſt'rous wilt thou grow?
Kind Offices thou doſt as yet perform,
Without the leaſt Suſpition of a Storm;
But when environ'd round with Seas and Skies
Paſt ſight of Shore—Thy Tempeſts then will Riſe.

PSAL.

PSALM 143. *Vers.* 2.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant, &c.

O Who would not this ſtrict Tribunal dread,
Or dare before th' Almighty Judge to Plead,
At his Tribunal, how ſhall Guilt appear,
Where *Innocence* it ſelf can ſcarce be Clear?

Ev'n He whoſe Piety did brightly ſhine,
(Of all the Inſpir'd *Twelve* the moſt Divine)
Whoſe Life, with Vice, was one continu'd War,
Yet dar'd not plead Perfection at this Barr.
The Royal Author of Seraphick Verſe,
And Anthems fit for Angels to rehearſe,
What Son of Fleſh conceiv'd in Sin (ſaid He)
Before All-ſeeing Eyes can righteous be?
Nor *Job* (in ſufferings try'd) allow'd the Skies,
And brighter Stars, as ſpotleſs in his Eyes.

If

If then such Pillars sink beneath his Hand,
On what support can we, frail Rafters, stand?
And if before his Breath the *Cedars* yield,
How shall such *Shrubs* as we maintain the *Field*?

PSALM.

The Sorrows of Hell compass me, and the Snares of Death take hold of me.

Acteon's Fortune seems in me renew'd,
When wretchedly by his own Hounds persu'd.
Wild Groves my youthful Fancy did enflame,
My Soul was always in pursuit of Game;
Till Death beset me in a Desart way,
And of the Hunter made a wretched Prey.

In ev'ry Path Death's tangling Nets are *spread*,
More fine and subtile than *Arachne*'s Thread;
Behold how close that watchful Huntress lies,
Some gawdy buzzing Stragler to surprise;

Her

Her Web once ſtruck, forth from her Cell ſhe
ſprings,
And to her Den the mourning Captive brings.
Mark how the *Fowler* from the ſhades unſeen
Obſerves his Nets, ſtretcht on the neighb'ring
Green;
And, to allure, where vacant Spots are found,
He ſcatters Grain upon the barren Ground:
While Birds whom he already has betray'd,
Are now Decoys to their own Fellows made;
And from their Cages cheerful Notes begin
To draw, with feign'd Mirth, their Compa
nions in:——
Theſe, theſe, my Soul, true *Emblems* are of *Sin*.

PSAL.

PSALM 31. *Verſ.* 10.

My Life is ſpent in Grief, and my Years in Sighing.

By N. Tate.

A Sullen Planet frown'd upon my Birth,
Nor to this Hour allows one Minute's Mirth;
Yet ſtill I'm flatter'd with deceitful Air,
That always ſays to Morrow ſhall be fair.
No Morrow yet has darted one kind Ray,
But ſtill proves darker than the former Day.
The ruffling Winds oftimes diſturb the Main,
But ſoon the Billows grow compos'd again;
No Leaves in Winter on the Grove are ſeen,
Which yet the next Spring Cloaths with freſher Green.
When ſudden Storms eclipſe the Morning's Light,
Thoſe once diſpers'd, the Day returns more bright.

My

My gloomy Thoughts no Interval can find,
The Tempeſt always rages in my Mind.
My Sighs are all the Muſick I employ,
My Sighs are all the Muſick I enjoy;
With theſe I paſs the tedious Night away,
With theſe I paſs the yet more tedious Day.
My Friends, 'tis true, their Counſel oft addreſs,
Adviſe me oft to make my Sorrows leſs.
I took their Council, gave to Mirth the Rein;
Mirth only brought more ſharp *Returns* of Pain.
For when my Griefs with Laughter I'd beguile,
Tempeſtuous Sighs deſtroy'd the Infant Smile.
And when I try to Sleep my Griefs to Reſt,
Their Cryes fright from my Door the gentle Gueſt.
Ye Streams and Groves, my long frequented Seats,
Ye Rocks & Caves, my Sorrows laſt Retreats!
You know, how oft my Groans in vain *ſuppreſt*,
Have with recoiling Fury torn my Breaſt.
While Eccho, gentle ſharer of my Woe,
Returns a Sigh to ev'ry Sigh I throw.
Here *Pregne* do's her mournful Story tell,
Anſwer'd by ſadder Notes of *Philomel*.

Each

Each in her Turn renews the doleful Strain,
While *Halcyons* from the distant Shoars *complain*
With these the *Turtle* joins eternal Moan,
Like me, she mourns, and murmurs all alone!
Thus Fate, do's cruelly my Life prolong,
Of all my Sufferings *Life* the greatest Wrong!

Out of Hermannus Hugo.

I Charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, *if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him I am sick of Love.* Cant. 5. 8.

YE happy Souls, of Heaven'ly *Salem's Race*,
Whose snowy Feet the Azure Temples grace,
You, you, I charge, attend my sacred Strain,
If ye by chance should find my Love again,
Tell him I Languish with a Fire unknown,
As *Jasmins* faint beneath th' *Assyrian* Sun;
For 'midst the Darts he lately scatter'd round,
He fell himself a Shaft, and I a Wound:

At

At leaſt his own Blood ting'd the pointed *Steel*
For I more His, than my own Sufferings feel.
Ah! with what fires was then my Soul poſſeſt,
As if whole *Ætna* heav'd within my Breaſt!
If he's inquiſitive, as Lovers are,
And ſhould enquire of each particular,
Talk all the Forms of *Languiſh* and *Diſtreſs*,
Which Pain forbids the Sufferer to expreſs,
He'll ask if I am Feaveriſh; tell him, *No*;
My Spirits are too weak, my Pulſe too low!
He'll ask if danger of my Life appears;—
Tell what your Eyes diſcover, not your Ears.
Tell him you bid me ſpeak, whilſt my faint *breath*
Imported nothing, but the ſigns of Death.
Perhaps he'll ask you how I did appear,
What Looks, and what my other *ſymptoms* were;
This, or like This, let your Deſcription be,
That he my danger with its Cauſe may ſee;
A pale a frightful trembling Ghoſt I lye
Condemn'd, O Fate! neither to *live* nor *dye*.
I pant and ſtruggle for my hovering Breath,
Labouring for either perfect *Life* or *Death*.

With

With heavy Eyes, that ſink in gloomy Shade,
My faint Right hand within my Boſom laid:
No roſy Colours, no young Native heat,
No Pulſe, tho' touch'd, can be perceiv'd to beat.
A flood of Tears waſh my faint Life away,
And dying Sighs to him my Soul convey:
Whilſt in theſe ſad Complaints I ſtill admire
To feel I burn, yet know not what's the fire,
Unleſs 'tis Love, which doth theſe *Paſſions* move,
For every accent of my Pain is Love!
From hence, I find, from hence proceeds my *flame*
I know not Love, but yet a Lover am;
Love made my Plaints ſo loud, my Sighs ſo deep,
Love taught my unexperienc'd Eyes to weep.
From hence th' Abruptneſs of my *Language* came,
That I could utter nothing but his Name.
This, in theſe words, Let my Beloved hear,
That I (fond of my pain) his Fetters bear:
Tell him I burn with ſuch a gentle fire,
As Roſes in the Summers heat expire;
Tell him that I with long Deſires decay,
As hoary Lillies droop and fade away;

I charge ye tell him I am sick of Love,
And my last Sickness, tell him, it will prove.

ON EASTER-DAY.

By an unknown Hand.

1.

HArk! Sure I hear *Urania* play,
I hear her tune the heavenly Strings;
Some wondrous Tidings sure she brings.
Oh! now, methinks, I hear her say,
The Sun of Righteousness, To day,
Must break, must rise, must come away
With Healing on his Wings.

2.

'Tis done——behold the God appear,
Fulfilling all that he hath said,
Captivity is Captive led;

Death

Death of his old invenom'd Spear
Behold disarm'd, and conquer'd here:
The Grave no more the Members fear
Since risen is the Head.

3.

In vain the silly *Rabbins* strove
A Stratagem of Force to find
The Lord Omnipotent to bind;
Too weak, to stop Almighty Love,
Their Guards, their Stone, their Seal must prove;
The trembling Earth doth all remove
Like Dust before the Wind.

4.

Let ransom'd Men in Praises vie,
Let every faithful Soul rejoice
And tune, to Angels Notes, his Voice!
Hail! Son of *David*, let them cry,
Hail! Thou that Livest, and didst Dye!
That liv'st thy glorious Seat on high,
And Sufferings mad'st thy Choice.

5.

Unfold, ye Everlasting Gates,
That Guard the great *Jehovah*'s Towers,
Those Sacred Mystick Leaves of yours;
The King of Glory for you waits:
Receive him, O ye blissful Bow'rs,
Ye Thrones, Dominions, Sceptred Powers;
He comes:—accomplish'd are the Hours
Appointed by the Fates.

6.

Be now thy Foes thy Footstool made;
Exalted high, on God's Right-hand,
A Priest for ever mayst thou stand,
Thy dear Redeeming Blood to plead,
Th' imperfect Sacrifice to aid,
Which is by wretched Man convey'd,
And never must be scann'd.

A Preparation to PRAYER.

By the same Hand.

1.

LET no bold Prayer presume to rise,
Let no unhallowed Incense go
A fruitless Progress, through the Skies,
Whilst here thy Heart remains below:
Thy Heart, adorn'd in all its best desires,
Thy Father kindly *courts*, thy awful God *requires*.

2.

Think with what Reverence and State
Thy Maker is ador'd Above;
What mighty Beings round him wait,
And pay their Worship and their Love:
That Cherubims are in his Sight afraid,
And with enfolded Wings their glorious Faces shade.

3.

How must that Guardian Angel grieve,
(That to attend thy Soul, is sent)
Such *cold* Petitions to receive,
As his warm Zeal can ne'er present!
How must he grieve, thy empty Forms to see?
In *Spirit* and in *Truth*, his God must worshipt be.

4.

How will it swell thy final Cares?
How will it aft thy hopes defeat,
To see thy Sins increas'd by Prayers,
Which only could their force abate?
How can'st thou hope t'escape those foreign Harms,
Who thus against thy self turn'st thy defensive Arms?

GOLD is try'd in the Fire, and acceptable Men in the time of Adversity.

By the same Hand.

1.

IF all th' appointed Days of Man were fair,
And his few Hours mov'd o'er him like a Breeze,
That gently fans the waving Trees,
Soft and Smooth, and void of Care,
As Infants balmy Slumbers are;
How should we ere assured be,
That even Temper we might see
Were Vertue, not Prosperity.

2.

Not so th' Almighty Wisdom has design'd
We should in Ease and Luxury remain,
Untry'd by Sorrow, or by Pain:

No, the great Searcher of the Mind
Unshaken Virtue there must find;
Tho' low as to the Dunghil brought
With him, whose sifted Patience taught
He serv'd for Duty, else for nought.

3.

We see the wealthiest Oar the Earth doth hide,
Is not receiv'd or pass'd for current Gold,
Nor by the greedy Miser told,
Till by the Cleansing Furnace try'd,
It doth the seven fold Test abide:
So must the Path of Grief be trod,
That certain Purifying Road,
By all th' accepted Sons of God.

4.

God in this Method to our *Needs* has bow'd,
Nor is it *Reason* guides when we complain:
Favours alas, but fall in vain,
And the good Things that are allow'd,
Instead of *happy*, make us *proud*.

Let

Let us not then refuse this part,
But wisely learn the *Saving Art*,
Which Tears to Comforts do's convert.

On AFFLICTION.

By the same Hand.

WElcome, (what'e'er my tender Flesh may say,)
Welcome Affliction, to my Reason still.
Tho' hard and rugged, on this Rock I lay
A sure Foundation, which, if rais'd with Skill,
Shall compass *Babel's* aim, and reach th' *Almighty's Hill*.

2.

Welcome the Rod that do's Adoption shew
The Cup, whose wholsome Dregs are giv'n me here,

There

There is a Day behind, if God be true,
When all these Clouds shall pass, and Heaven be clear,
When those, whom most they shade, shall shine most glorious there.

Affliction is the Line, which every Saint
Is measur'd by, his Stature taken right;
So much it shrinks, as they repine or faint,
But if their Faith or Courage stand upright,
By that is made the Crown, and the full Robe of Light.

PSALM the 137th, Paraphras'd to the 7th Verse.

By the same Hand.

PRoud *Babylon*, thou saw'ſt us Weep,
Euphrates, as he paſt along,
Saw on his Banks the Sacred Throng
A heavy Solemn Mourning keep;
Sad Captives to thy Sons and Thee.
When nothing but our Tears were free!

A Song of *Sion* they require,
And, from the neighbouring Trees, to take
Each Man his dumb neglected Lyre,
And Cheerful Sounds on them awake;
But Cheerful Sounds the Strings refuſe,
Nor will their Maſters Griefs abuſe.

How can we, Lord, thy Praiſe proclaim,
Here in a ſtrange unhallow'd Land,

Leſt

Leſt we provoke them to blaſpheme
A Name they do not underſtand!
And with Rent Garments that deplore
Above what e'er we felt before.

But thou *Jeruſalem* ſo dear,
If thy lov'd Image e'er depart,
Or I forget thy Sufferings here,
Let my Right hand forget her Art,
My Tongue her Vocal Gift reſign,
And Sacred Verſe no more be mine,

The Second Chapter of the Wiſdom *of* Solomon, *Paraphras'd.*

By the ſame Hand.

The firſt 12 Lines being an Introduction.

How weak is Man that would himſelf perſwade
Out of his Intereſt, and his Tempter aid!
Miſled by preſent Joys, and humane Pride,
Would gladly lay his future Hopes aſide;
Uncloath himſelf of all he holds Divine,
And to the Earth his Aſhes would confine.
Conſent his Soul (all pains on it to ſpare)
Shou'd vaniſh like the ſoft and ſilent Air;
This Doctrin, which in ancient Times was penn'd,
Th' induſtrious Devil took care ſhou'd ſtill deſcend,
And we by Atheiſts now the ſame are told,
Which Iſraels *wiſeſt Prince deſcribes of old.*

The

The CHAPTER *begins.*

THus reason'd they, *said he*, but not aright,
Deluded by the Charms of vain *Delight*;
Tho' Life be short, how tedious is the day
Which some new Pleasure doth not drive away?
Death hastens on all humane Things to seize,
And there's no remedy for that Disease.
None from the Grave return, nor *Moses Laws*
Have seen him come to vindicate their Cause.
Chance made the World; and the same Hand of Chance
Did blindly Man into that World advance.
And, when the date of certain years expires,
As he had never been, he back retires.
That active Fire which animates the Heart,
And thence all Life and Motion do's impart,
By some contending Element oppress,
Extinguish'd fails and quits the darken'd breast.
The Vapour in our Nostrils steals away,
And all that now remains is common Clay.

Time preys upon our Memory and Name,
And deep Oblivion swallows up our Fame.
Like a swift Cloud we pass unheeded by,
No track is left, no mark where it did fly,
Nor shall it e'er return to shade the Sky.
Since *past* and *future* we at distance see,
And *present time* can only a point be,
Voluptuous, and in Pleasures let us live,
And freely spend what Moments we receive.
Still let us gay and warm Affections hold,
And, when in Age, forget that we are old.
Roses about our youthful Tresses ty,
Roses shall, when they fall, their place supply.
The cheerful Spring shall round our Temples
bind,
Whilst our full Bowls flow with *Autumnal* Wine.
The polish'd Skin with Ointments shall be gay,
Circling Perfumes shall usher on the way,
And soft harmonious Airs about us play.
Diffusing as we pass Luxuriant Bliss;
This is our Portion, and our Lot is *this*.

Juſtice ſhall lay aſide her uſeleſs Scales,
And Force ſhall Juſtice be, when Force prevails.
No Law ſhall govern, no dull Rule take place,
The Widow, nor the hoary Head find grace;
Oppreſſion ſhall the righteous Man devour,
Faſhion'd by Conſcience for the Tyrant's *pow'r*;
Who meekly yields to wrong, or vile diſgrace,
Yet from th' *Immortal God* derives his Race,
And by himſelf is arrogantly ſtil'd
Of him he Worſhips the apparent Child;
Him let us wait for that upbraids us ſtill
With Breach of Laws, and Education ill,
That but at diſtance views our looſe Delight,
And blaſts our *Mirth* with his reproachful ſight:
Who, not like us, his Youth to Pleaſure gives,
But ſingular, and ſolitary lives;
And does his Eyes on diſtant Proſpects bend,
Saying, the *Juſt* is bleſſed in his End;
That let us haſten, and his Patience prove,
And his cool Temper with rough uſage move:
If Son to him whom he Almighty calls,
He ſure will Save when in our hands he falls;

Let

Let us in Shame and Tortures make him dye,
And ſo his Truth and his Protector try.

Full place did ſuch Imaginations find
With Men in Miſts of Sin and Error blind,
That knew not God, nor did his Laws regard,
Unmindful of the Work or the Reward,
That ſhall on blameleſs Souls hereafter reſt,
When with Eternity of Pleaſures bleſt.
God ſtampt his Image on created Earth,
And made it ſo, Immortal in its Birth,
And tho' th' Infernal Fiend, with Envy fill'd,
Brought Death into the World, and ſome has kill'd,
Yet only thoſe that do his part embrace,
Shall fall to him, and his appointed place.

SOLITUDE.

HOw far the ſweets of *Solitude* excel
The World's loud Mirth and clam'rous Sports
Of Theaters, and crowded Courts,
Only the vertuous Heavenly Soul can tell.

Which when retir'd and loos'd by *Faith* & *Love*.
From the groſs Body, upward flies,
Climbs o'er th' impurer lower Skies,
To gain ſweet Converſe with bleſt *Minds* above.

Raviſh'd with This, ſhe ſeeks a clearer ſight,
And chides the interpoſing Clay,
And bars of Fleſh that take away
Her heavenly Proſpect, and retard her flight.

She do's her ſcorn of this low World expreſs,
Derides the Pompous Trifles here,
Honours and Wealth to Sinners dear,
And wonders why Men call it Happineſs.

Saf

Safe in those happy Realms of *Light* and *Love*,
From Clouds and stormy Wind that blow
O'er this tempestuous World below,
She mourns she cannot always keep above.

In those bright Fields no fears her Joy controul,
Securely seated from on high
She sees the ruddy Lightning fly,
And hears below the distant Thunder roll.

She's there safe guarded from fal'n *Angels pow'r*,
That stray in this low void of Air.
And (watching with unwearied Care,)
First tempt to sin, then vanquish'd *Souls* devour.

Those Minds become more excellent and pure,
That Heav'ns calm Regions most frequent,
Free from *Earth's Damps* and noisom Scent;
As wholesom Climates Mens sick Bodies cure.

And when such Minds descend to Earth again,
Their heav'nly Language cheerful Face,
Fresh Beauty and Celestial Grace
Declare the happy Seats where they have been.

This World is still so turbulent and loud,
That Heav'ns soft Voice cannot be heard,
Angels have oft to Men appear'd
When all alone, but never in a Crowd.

In silent Groves the Men of old grew wise,
There prostrate Votaries ador'd,
And invocated the true Lord,
There Heathens worship'd too their Deities.

Sage *Druids* there Heav'ns Councils understood:
The Soul does there her Thoughts compose,
Calmly devout and silent grows,
Aw'd by the shade and stillness of the Wood.

There th' *Essens* Sect their Innocence were *taught*
Of the next Silver Stream they drank,
Got a cheap Meal from some green Bank,
And far from worldly Cares they Liv'd and Thought.

In Fields and Woods, may I safe Pleasures find,
Nature's Almighty Cause adore,
Admire the *Works*, but th' *Author* more,
Where Objects both delight and teach my *Mind*.

May

May Vallies teach me to be fruitful too,
May Hills excite me to aſpire,
Like them, to Heav'n with rais'd Deſire,
And may my Thoughts flow pure, as *Fountains* do.

From Birds I'll learn to ſing my *Maker*'s Praiſe,
The Sheep ſhall make me wiſh I may
Grow uſeful, and as meek, as they;
And hear the Paſtor that directs my ways.

Both *Birds* and *Beaſts* ſhall my diſtruſt *condemn*,
That truſt Heav'n's Goodneſs rove about
Free from all Care and anxious Doubts,
And teach me to depend on Heav'n, like them.

Motives I ne'er ſhall want of Love and Praiſe,
For Heav'n and Earth will ſtill ſupply
My Thoughts with ſuch variety,
As will new wonder freſh Devotion raiſe.

Oh may I ſomething learn from all I ſee,
And by the Creatures ſtill aſcend,
To the firſt Cauſe whilſt I attend
To Nature's Volumes of Divinity.

Let me ſweet Solitude's Delights enjoy,
And Thoſe repair to ſenſual Sport,
To Wine and Theaters reſort,
Who know not how their Leiſure to employ.

A Cloſet, or a ſecret Field with thee,
Shall Lord, to me be far more dear,
Than all the ſenſual Pleaſures here,
Than all the poyſon'd ſweets of *Eaſe* & *Luxury*.

The ENQUIRY.

By the ſame Hand.

I'VE ſearcht the barren World, but cannot find
A Happineſs for an Immortal Mind.
Honours, Delights and Riches have all ſpent
Their Smiles in vain, to give my *Thoughts Content*.
The Joys they yield, but for a Moment laſt,
And ſhrink to nothing when they're cloſe embrac't.

They

They never ſatisfy, but feed deſire,
And bring freſh Fuel to a reſtleſs Fire.
What's one poor drop to him that almoſt burſts
With fierce deſires, and for an Ocean thirſts.
My Mind can hold both the rich *Indy*'s ſtore,
And find it ſelf, as empty as before.
The Treaſures Earth throws in their purpoſe miſs,
Swallow'd and loſt in that immenſe Abyſs.
I've look'd o'er all the Riches Earth can ſhew.
All that it Promiſes, but gives to few:
And ſtill ſome Intellectual Good I want,
Some Happineſs this World can never grant.

Hence mighty God my Thoughts aſcend to Thee,
The ſpring of Good, and Man's Felicity.
'Tis only thy Immenſity can fill
The thirſty Soul's vaſt and immortal Will.
This ſingle Thought, that all Earth's Joys at Death
Will end, and ceaſe for ever with my Breath,
Quite chills my Love, and leſſens my Eſteem,
And makes a Kingdom but a trifle ſeem.

I find my Soul's misplac'd, it longs to see
Some higher Good, some fix'd Felicity,
Which it despairs to meet with, but in thee.
I'm blest with Faculties to entertain
Thy self, and sure thou mad'st them not in vain,
And as I can, so I desire to be
Made happy only in Enjoying thee;
My Wishes else unsatisfy'd return,
And make me all my lost Endeavours mourn.

Thou dost to All but Man Perfection grant,
That with their Happiness upbraid my want
No Hopes or Fears the quiet Stones molest,
That sweetly in the Earth's low bosom rest,
Trees to their height and perfect Stature grow,
No farther Tendencies or Wishes know.
Rich Flowers with daz'ling Glory crown the Year,
And in their Smiles a perfect Beauty wear.
Beasts that have all for which their *Nature calls*,
Pleas'd with themselves, are happy Animals.
Above the Earth their Wishes never fly,
Nor thirst for Heav'n and Immortality.

No Proſpect of a greater Excellence,
Makes them deſpiſe the low Delights of Senſe,
No knowledge of Eternity can ſhew
To them, how ſhort theſe Pleaſures are below.
They can no Dangers while at diſtance ſee,
To interrupt their preſent Peace and Reſt,
From thoughts of *Death* and future *Sorrows free*,
They are with undiſturb'd Enjoyments *bleſt*.
While Souls that can to higher Regions climb,
And look beyond the whirling Pool of *Time*,
Become unhappy by their Eminence,
And ſerve but to diſturb the ſweets of Senſe.
When the ſad Mind its ſober *thoughts* emploies,
And finds it ſelf born for Eternal Joys,
How Earth's unmanly, ſhort *Delights* diſpleaſe?
It rather will have none, than ſuch as theſe.
It thinks of all its noble Faculties,
Then looks on Earth, and do's its Joys deſpiſe,
Since I have ſuch a Mind as this, would I
Had never been, or may I never dy?
If no Delights are to be found above,
What ſhall I ſeek on Earth, what ſhall I Love?

If this be all the Happineſs deſign'd
For anxious Man, wretched Immortal Mind!
Happy the Bruits that can't their State reſent,
That know no nobler Joys, and are content.
If Man then can't a perfect State attain,
His Soul and Appetites are made in vain.
Man only is Felicity deny'd,
Vex'd with deſires, not to be ſatisfy'd.
The Lord of All is moſt unhappy left,
Of that Perfection Beaſts enjoy, bereft.
But th'Author ſure will not be moſt unkind
To his beſt *Workmanſhip*, the Heav'n born Mind.
He's ſo benign he can't but let us have
Objects for all the Appetites he gave.
'Tis eaſy hence to know he does intend
Himſelf ſhall be the Minds laſt Reſt and End.
On them he will at laſt himſelf beſtow,
That never ſought their Happineſs below.
What this denies the other World will give,
Where Saints ſhall in Immortal Glory live,
Poſſeſt with Heav'n they ſhall for ever reſt,
Crown'd with Divine Delights, and with their
Wiſhes bleſt.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY.

By the ſame Hand.

DOuble Allegiance, Lord, to thee I owe,
Both as thy *Subject* and thy *Creature* too;
'Twere then in me the moſt ingrateful Guilt,
Not to perform or ſuffer what thou wilt.
My place is to obey, and not diſpute
A Will ſo good, a Power ſo abſolute.
Shall my Remonſtrances to Heav'n be ſent
To plead the Juſtice of my Diſcontent!
For Life and Enjoyments here I ſtand
Indebted to the Bounty of thy Hand.
What thou art pleas'd to take I muſt reſign,
Yet thence ſuſtain no Wrong, ſince Nothing's mine,
My Fortune's mean; the wiſeſt and the beſt
Of Soul that now in Heav'n outſhine the reſt,
Liv'd in this vale of *Tears* deſpis'd and poor,
Some wanted Neceſſaries, few had more.

And

And ſhall I quarrel with my Fate, when God
Afflicts me but to guide me with his Rod
The ſacred Path which all the Bleſt have *trod*?
Sure, *Toil* and *Wearineſs* muſt needs become
The Lot of *Travellers* remote from Home.
Pilgrims, as I am, while abroad they ſtay,
Muſt quit th'Ambition to ſeem *Rich* and *Gay*.
Amidſt my Foes I'm now a Stranger, where
What's tolerable, is accounted rare.
Such *Travellers* can only Paſſage crave,
And That, what e'er I miſs, I'm ſure to have.
All Suffrings here that can my Fears alarm,
Afflict the Fleſh, but work no further harm.
Diſtreſs and Shame make not Heav'ns *Servants* ſeem
More baſe or wretched in their *Lord*'s Eſteem.
Theſe can't his Favor from my Soul remove,
Nor intercept the Pleaſures of his Love.
And Happineſs to Him is quite unknown,
Who cannot find it in that Love alone.

From Riches free, I'm free too from their *Cares*,
Safe by my diſtance from their fatal Snares,

An

An humble Fortune kindly does deny
Th' Incentives of our Pride and Luxury.
My weaker Vertue may be here ſecure,
Which might not all th' Aſſaults of Wealth endure.
So little Veſſels may ſecurely ride
On a ſmall River's ſmooth and gentle Tide;
Where weaker Winds with ſoft and eaſy Gales
Scarce heave the Boſom of their humble Sails.
But if they put to Sea, too late they find
Their Sail unequal for a fiercer Wind.
Hopeleſs they're with impetuous Fury born,
Split on the Rocks, or with the Tempeſt torn.
Thus meaner Fortunes Vertue moſt *befriend*,
Giving what's fit, and more would but offend.
Here we our Innocence can beſt enſure,
And that's the happyſt State, that's moſt ſecure.
If now to Heav'n's ſo difficult the Road,
What muſt it be with Wealth's incumbring Load?
Do my Endeavours now ſucceed ſo well,
And all Temptations with ſuch eaſe repell,
That my Ambition any harder Task
Should crave, and for *Herculean* Labours ask,

That

That I with *Care* and *Toil* should purchase Foes,
And seek the Place that thickest dangers shews.
Are those I cannot shun so few or slight,
That fond of Ruin I would more invite?
This were to ravish Death it self, and scale
The Gates of Hell, lest milder Arts should fail.
I'm born for Heav'n, and shall I chuse to stray,
And shun the plainest and the safest way,
That I a longer Journey may endure
Through Roads more troublesome, and less secure?
Still meaner Fortunes are the safest found,
Free from the Snares which Wealth and Pomp surround.
The humble ground needs but a small defence,
We ought to dread the rising Eminence,
Where Sin does it's victorious Forces post,
And dying Souls are in such numbers lost.
Numbers, that give malicious Hell such joy,
That glut the *Grave*, and greedy *Death* o'er cloy.
The greatest danger that my fear should move,
Is, lest the World should too obliging prove.
She's then most dang'rous when her smiling Art,
And splendid Dress invite my yielding heart.

But

But when she frowns, her *Charms* are lost, unless
We're fond of Misery, and court Distress.
The Worlds unkindness may abate our love,
Teach us to seek for Happiness above.
Make us for high Eternal Joys enquire,
And seek for Heav'n with more inflam'd desire.
For still our wishes after Home and Rest,
Are by the badness of their way increast.

'Tis then from disbelief, and want of love
To God, and those pure Joys prepar'd above.
That in the meanest State we can't rejoice,
And make not humble Poverty our Choice.
That Wealth and Greatness we so little dread,
Sought by the Living, curst so by the Dead.
Blest with the hopes of Heav'n tho I've no more,
'Tis Atheism to complain my Fortune's poor.
The Man rich with these hopes may well imploy
His saddest Hours in calm Delights and Joy.
Who when a few short Hours are past, will know
What Heav'n to make Men happy can *best do*,
For ever blest, if God can make them so.

May

May I have theſe tranſporting hopes of *Heav'n*,
And let me know that Happineſs when given;
I'll praiſe Heav'ns Goodneſs, tho oppreſt I ly
With what miſtaken Men call Miſery.
Why ſhould I grieve for what I ſuffer here?
All theſe ſlight Troubles ſoon will diſappear;
And what is not Eternal, is below my Fear.

The Safety of a low State.

Tranſlated out of Seneca's Agamemnon, Chor. Argivarum.

By the ſame Hand.

THe treach'rous Fortune of a *Royal Crown*,
Places what ever's rich and great,
On a ſteep and ſlippery Seat.
Whence with an eaſy Blaſt all tumble down.

Proud

Proud Scepters can't command ſoft Peace and
Reſt,
Nor chaſe uneaſy Fears away;
They know no ſafe and happy Day,
But endleſs Cares their Greatneſs ſtill moleſt.

The *Lybian* Sea not with ſuch Fury raves,
When heap'd up by rough Winds, the Sand
Does in high tott'ring Mountains ſtand,
And interrupts the loud impetuous Waves.
Euxinus neighbor to the ſnowy Pole,——
Where the bright Carman, by the Main
Untoucht, drives round his ſhining Wain,
Can't with ſuch force his troubled Waters roll.

As when Kings fall, turn'd round by rapid Fate,
Kings, whoſe deſire is to appear
Awful, to move their Subjects fear,
Which Fear does in themſelves the like create.
The Night, to hide 'em ſafe does *Darkneſs* want,
Soft ſleep, by which a troubled Breaſt
Is loos'd, and lies diſſolv'd in Reſt,
Can't charm the reſtleſs Cares that *Princes haunt*,

The Men that born by too kind Fortune riſe,
Soon ſink and fall down from their height,
Preſt by their own unequal weight,
Which, thoſe that envy'd, now as much deſpiſe.
Great Fortunes can't their own vaſt *Burden* bear;
So the ſwift Ships expanded Sails
Swoln out with too indulgent Gales,
The Winds, they wiſh'd before, begin to fear.

So a proud Tow'r thruſts his aſpiring Head
Among the flying Clouds, but finds
The uneaſy neighbourhood of Winds
And Thunder-claps, that are around him bred.
So the rude Storms that ſhake the bending *Wood*,
Deſign an envious fatal ſtroke,
To the ancient, well ſpread Oak,
The Grove's *Defence* and *Glory* while it ſtood.

High Hills the faireſt mark for Thunder ſtand;
Great Bodies are but ſeldom found,
Such have moſt room to take a Wound;
And the fat *Deer* invites the Hunter's hand.

What

What whifling Fortune does this day advance,
It throws down with a greater fall;
Eſtates that are but low and ſmall,
Laſt a long quiet Age, ſecure from Chance.

He's only happy, that of meaner rank
Does not his humble State reſent,
But with his Fortune ſtill content,
With a ſafe Wind Sails by the neighb'ring bank,
Whoſe wary Boat that dares not truſt her Oar
To the rough uſage of the Wind,
And the wide Ocean ſeldom kind,
Keeps ſtill in proſpect of the ſafer Shore.

RIGHT ZEAL.

By the ſame Hand.

SUre there's a *Zeal* that's born of heav'nly *Race*,
Whoſe Lineage in its Aſpects you may trace;
The generous Fervour and admir'd Degree
Of a victorious, healthful Piety.
This quickens Souls grown ſtupid, and imparts
An active Ferment to devouter Hearts.
'Tis this invigorates decaying Grace,
And ſheds freſh Beauty on it's ſickly Face.
It works not out in Froth, nor will it vent
In angry Heats its inward Diſcontent.
Nor, for a Triffle, will to Blood contend,
Nor all its Warmth in Noiſe and Cenſures ſpend.
But meek and gentle as the Sacred Dove,
'Twill on the Soul in kindly Breathings move.
It ſmooths rough Nature, ſweetens eager Blood,
Expels the vicious part, and ſaves the good.
Its heav'nly Birth and Nature it will prove,
By univerſal Charity and Love,

It will ſo widen a contracted Mind
To the ſtrait Compaſs of a Sect confin'd,
It ſhall embrace thoſe of a different Name,
And find ev'n for their Enemies a Flame.
'Twill pity ſmaller Faults, and thoſe that ſtray
Reduce with peaceful Methods to their way:
It deals not Blows and Death about on thoſe,
Whoſe Errors ſome leſs uſeful Truth oppoſe;
Nor do's with *Sword* and *Fire* the Stubborn tame,
It uſes none but its own harmleſs Flame.
In Reformations 'twill ſome Faults endure,
And not encreaſe the Wounds it ſeeks to cure.
It ſtickles moſt on Love's and Mercy's ſide,
And checks the Heat and outrages of Pride.
'Twill ſhed its own, not others *Blood* to gain
The Peace it ſeeks, and mutual Love maintain.
This *Zeal* has always moſt Impatience ſhown,
Where our Lord's Honour's injur'd, not our own:
Unaskt it can forgive an Injury,
Still love the Author, and his Rage defy.

Without this *Zeal* how meanly *Grace* appears,
See what a ſick conſumptive Face it wears!

It's Beauty faded, and its Vigour loſt
It ſeems departed Virtue's meagre Ghoſt.
Only this *Zeal* its Ruins can repair,
And render its Complexion freſh and fair.
Such Courage ſprings from this more active Grace,
As can the various Shapes of Terrour face;
It makes us gladly take the Martyr's Crown,
And meet the Flames, with greater of our own.
No Straits, no Death it formidable thinks,
Beneath whoſe force a ſickly Virtue ſinks:
It gives the Soul the quickeſt, deepeſt Senſe
Of unſeen Worlds, creates ſuch diligence,
As cheerfully diſpatches all the Tasks
That Heav'n preſcribes, or our own ſafety asks.
This *Zeal* is wary, not enflam'd by Pride,
And walks not, but with Knowledge for its *guide*;
Nor will too haſtily Advance, but ſtay
To take Advice and Reaſon in its way.
When it grows hot, 'tis always certain too,
And will its doubting Thoughts as calmly ſhew,
Bleſt heav'nly *Zeal!* how ſpiritful and fair
Thoſe Souls that feel its Influence, appear!

How

How much ſuch Godlike Hero's us condemn,
Whom they excel, as much as Angels, them.
Let me this truly noble *Zeal* attain,
And thoſe that ſeek 'em, Wealth and Honour gain.
My Portion's then ſo great, not all the ſtore
Of worldly Treaſures can enrich me more.

TEMPTATIONS.

By the ſame Hand.

ALas, I walk not out, but ſtill I meet
Paths too perplex'd for my unwary Feet.
At my return the calm and even Mind
I carry'd forth, all diſcompos'd I find;
My weak Devotions ſlacken'd and unbent,
And Paſſions loos'd grow loud and turbulent.
My ruffled Mind with Sorrow ſeeks in vain
To rank and ſuit its diſplac'd Thoughts again:
My careful Steps no place ſecurely tread,
Thick Snares o'er all th' enchanted Ground are ſpread.

The ſmalleſt Inadvertencies expoſe
Unguarded Virtue to our watchful Foes.
Satan rejoyces (if his Hell has Joy)
That, loſt himſelf, He can Mankind deſtroy.
Rav'nous as Lyons are, and ſtrong as they,
He does on Souls, as thoſe on Bodies prey.
He much to's Skill, more to fall'n *Nature* truſts,
And brings Temptations ſuited to our Luſts;
Temptations brings of *Circe*'s Syren-Brood,
By feeble Reſolutions not withſtood,
Nor vanquiſh'd by faint Wiſhes to be good.

Here ſome great Man's diſpleaſure over aws
Our fears of Sin; there carnal Pleaſure draws.
In an alluring Dreſs it courts the Senſe,
Whilſt yielding Nature faint Reſiſtance makes,
At laſt o'er come, gives up her Innocence,
And, in exchange, Sin and Heav'ns anger takes.
Sometimes a deadly Perſecutors hate
Will damp our Zeal, and Love to God abate;
Sometimes the envious Scorn on Virtue thrown,
And the diſgrace of being good *Alone*.
But after the attractive baits of Sin,
Call up the ſecret Sparks of Luſt within;

Which

Which taking fire burſt out into a Flame,
Which our diſabled Reaſon cannot tame,
Thoſe Purpoſes ſmall Oppoſition make,
That once we thought no charms, no force could ſhake,
But leave us to the power of Luſtful Fires,
And the wild Guidance of unclean Deſires.
But ah! what After-pangs will This create,
When ſober Thoughts the ſinful Act debate?

What guilty Bluſhes wounded *Conſcience* wears
See how it ſtarts laſh'd with its ſecret Fears?
It flies from Heav'n, the thoughts of *God* affright
My troubled Soul, before, its chief Delight.
Heav'ns frown blaſts all my Joys; tormenting Fears,
The ſecret Stings of Conſcience, Sighs, & Tears,
Is all the ſad Reward paſt Sins afford,
For theſe I'm by my ſelf, and God abhor'd.
When Love would riſe to Heav'n with freſh Delight,
Conſcience ſuggeſts my Guilt, and ſtays its flight:
How dear a Moment's ſinful Pleaſures coſt,
God's Favour more than Life, I've for it loſt.

One

One Sin can all my ancient Doubts reſtore,
Makes me ſuſpect the Conqueſts got before;
Makes me ſuſpend the Hopes of heav'nly Bliſs,
And Tyrants ne'er found Torment, like to this.
It makes me queſtion all my Deeds, debate
The future ſafety of my doubtful State.
It ſtrangely can undo what's paſt, deſtroy
My preſent, and revoke my former Joy.
It ſhews old Sins to wound me with their view,
And the ſad Penitential Scene renew.
What ſpreading Miſchief is in Sin conceal'd!
By Man believ'd not, 'till too late reveal'd,
Fool that I am ſuch Torments to create,
And buy Repentance at ſo dear a rate.

Upon a moſt Virtuous and Accompliſh'd Young Gentleman, *Who Died of the* Small-Pox.

By S. H. *Eſq;*.

1.

OF our Dead Friends ill Truths we may not tell,
Such ſpotleſs Honour in the Grave ſhould dwell,
Yet more a breach of Charity it ſeems
To hide their Virtues, then to ſpeak their Crimes;
How loudly then His worth ſhould be *proclaim'd*
Whom ev'ry Virtue grac'd, and not one Vice defam'd.

2.

His Merits gain'd a Character ſo high,
As *Envy* could not blaſt, nor *Pride* deny;
Above diſguiſe He ſcorn'd all varniſh'd Arts,
And with *Inherent* Honour conquer'd Hearts.
His Actions generous all, and ſquar'd by *Truth*;
With Age's Prudence bleſs'd, in the gay Bloom of *Youth*.

3. Gen-

3.

Gentle, offenceleſs, ſo averſe to wrong,
Obliging ſweetneſs dwelt upon his Tongue,
With Nature's richeſt Gifts ſo deck'd within,
That Pride in him had ſcarce been judg'd a Sin;
His ready Wit no ſtop or bounds could know,
But, like a gen'rous Spring, did clear and conſtant flow.

4.

Not in his Grave more quiet can he find,
Than always lodg'd in his unvary'd mind;
A Mind fit only for the Bleſs'd above,
The Seat of Friendſhip, and the Throne of Love!
In Heaven what matchleſs Glory has he gain'd,
To bring from Earth a Soul by ſuch an Age uuſtain'd.

5.

The Hand of Fate ſeems partial to deſtroy;
Fond of the Happy, to the Wretched Coy:
In plenty round him Fortune's Bleſſings lay,
Which juſt attain'd, Fate ſummon'd him away.
So parts the Shipwreck'd Merchant from his Gain,
And (ſinking) ſees his Wealth Float round him on the Main.

6. No

6.

No Humane skill the deſtin'd Hour could ſtay,
And hovering Death was pleas'd with ſuch a Prey;
Which to ſecure beyond the help of Art
In every Pore he ſtruck a Fatal Dart.
The Vicious Life an eaſy Conqueſt lies,
But Fate's whole power invades, when ſacred Virtue dies.

To a LADY,

Upon the X. Commandments *cut by Her on* White-Paper, *and Preſented to S.* John's College *in* Oxford.

THe curious Wonders we preſerve with *Care*,
That the fair Hands of *Cloyſter'd Nuns* prepare;
Who ſtrive, poor Ladies! with a fruitleſs Toil
A miſerable Solitude to beguile:
Promoting what they to themſelves deny,
They Pride and Luxury to Mankind ſupply;
But in your *Piece* this Excellence we find,
An Entertainment for the *Eye*, and *Mind*.
A Sov'reign Judgment form'd the firſt Deſign
So well the *Matter* and the *Art* combine!
No *other Lines* cou'd merit ſo much Art,
No *other Hand* an equal Skill impart.

The Maſters ſee it, and their Plates diſown,
Aſham'd of the rude Scratches they have done,
The

The Printer boaſts no more his Works do live,
And *Sybil*'s Leaves, and ancient *Bark* ſurvive:
But owns, that Art the longer Date deſerves,
Which Things in faireſt Characters preſerves;
At leaſt, if we no more Pretenſions name,
The *Author* may a juſt Precedence claim;
Blind *Chance* did His on the dull *Soldier* throw,
Another Palace kindly this below.

Were all the holy Books tranſcrib'd anew,
And in ſuch beauteous Letters dreſs'd by *You*;
We ought the *Jewiſh* Rev'rence to retain,
And inſtitute new *Maſorites* again.
Our Tongue beneath that Sacred Character,
Wou'd of Divine Original appear:
And, what in Theirs was but a vain Pretence,
Each Letter carry mighty Conſequence:
And oh! how fit would that fair Manſion prove
For th' ever-bleſt, and the Eternal Dove!

Th' officious Painter on the Altar draws
In Golden Characters theſe Sacred Laws,
But 'tis the Gold commends the *ſtrokes* he makes,
His work a borrow'd *Value* from it takes;

Th'

While wisely *You* such slight Materials chuse,
And solid Worth by accurate *Art* infuse;
Your *Piece* no glittering Advantage needs,
Whose Value from the *curious Work* proceeds:
Yet by this *Piece* is represented best
Th' unspotted Image seated in your Breast;
As Poets, labo'ring best their Sense t'express,
Betray those Passions which their Souls possess,
Just such your *Writ* appears, so heavenly fair
The Angels Hand did scarce a fairer bear.
We only fear least Those who come to see
Should, unawares, commit *Idolatry*.

The Holy Place a solemn Rev'rence fills,
And deeper *Awe*, which this new *Guest* instils;
That hence we may but just *Credentials* call,
To vouch the Sanction of th', Original:
And might the Tables by those Fingers writ,
Into the Holy of Holyests admit.

Hymn

HYMN.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Engliſht by Mr. Wright.

1.

APproach Celeſtial Dove,
Eternal Purity and Love,
And where at firſt you did diſpence
A Being, Life, and Sence,
In the ſame Breaſts now place
The very Soul of Life, Supernal Grace.

2.

Thou Spring of Joy ſtill growing,
Fountain of Comfort ever flowing,
Thou greateſt Gift of the moſt Great,
Thou Charity compleat,
Unction Divine that brings
The Sanctity of Prieſts, Grandeur of Kings.

3.

Thou ſevenfold Benefactor,
Of all that's Good, thou great Tranſactor,
Thou promis'd Gift from Heaven ſent
When from us Heaven went,
Thou God of Eloquence
That ſpeakſt to th' Intellect before the Sence.

4.

Hither direct thy Ray,
Thou Glorious Sun of laſting Day,
And from that Sacred Heat inflame
A Paſſion for thy Name;
So all our preſent Want
Will be ſupply'd by that Celeſtial Grant.

5.

Far, far, from us diſplace
Th' Immortal Enemy of Grace;
And in all Hazards let us find,
Thy Peace, the Peace of Mind:
We ask no more reward,
Thou being thus our Conduct and and Guard

6.

True Faith on us bestow
The Father-Deity to know;
And teach us by thy Inspiration,
God the Son's Incarnation,
Inform us then aright
How you add one to them, yet all unite.

7.

Eternal One, United Three,
To you belongs all Majesty;
All Power, and all Dominion's due
To you, and only you!
All Glory, then, all Praise Divine
United Three, Eternal One, be thine.

JEPTHA's VOW.

The ARGUMENT.

Jeptha *having rashly Vow'd (if he succeeded in his Expedition against the* Amonites) *to offer up in Sacrifice the First that should meet him from his own House; He returns Victorious: The first that comes forth to welcome his Triumph, is his only Daughter, whom he Sacrifices according to his Vow.*

By N. Tate.

BEfore the Altar the devoted Maid
(With Garlands crown'd and in white Robes array'd)
Appears all Mild, to yield her destin'd Life,
And waiting the slow Sacrificer's Knife.
A Virgin Blush her Aspect purpled o'er,
As young, and ne'er beheld by Crowds before)
(Such Tincture Crimson'd Alablaster shows,
Or Lillies shaded by a neighb'ring Rose.)

Ye

Yet gen'rous Reſolution do's diſplay,
That with her Modeſty bears equal Sway.
She, only ſhe, appears without ſurprize,
And views the weeping Crowd with cheerful Eyes.
Some call to mind the publick Service done,
And Battle lately by her Father won;
His Blood's Expence in Field to ſave the State,
And with it the unhappy Victor's Fate.
Of Age's laſt Reſerve and Hopes bereft,
His ancient Houſe and Lineage Heirleſs left.

The Younger ſort bewail her *blooming Charms*,
And grutch ſo fair a Prize to *Death*'s cold *Arms*:
The Nymph for whom the nobleſt Youths had pin'd,
A Booty to the Thankleſs Grave aſſign'd.
For now (as Chance wou'd play the Tyrant's Part,
And fret their Wounds with freſh Supplies of ſmart)
Thoſe Beauties Nature had before conferr'd,
Sublim'd and to Advantage all appear'd;
Their Grief was now to Conſternation turn'd,
They now Mourn ſilent, as before, they burn'd.

Of this the Virgin do's Advantage take,
And her afflicted Father thus beſpake :
To Ammon's *Court, Great Sir, theſe Plaints remit ;*
Theſe Plaints are only for the vanquiſht fit.
My ſelf to Death's cold Arms I freely give,
While you to ſhield our State and Altars live,
You Rate my uſeleſs Life at Price too high
To make me yours, and Iſrael's *Victim Dye !*
More than my Merits or my Hopes could claim,
To purchaſe with few Years Immortal Fame.
With Comfort to your Palace, Sir, repair
To cherriſh Her that's now your only Care :
My tender Mother's Sorrow to aſſwage :
For only You can check the Tyrant's Rage.
Forget your Worthleſs Daughter, and ſurvive
By your Example to keep Her Alive.
You elſe reſign your Laurels to the Foe,
And Conquer'd Ammon *Triumphs in your Woe.*
Or have you laviſh'd all your Love away
On my paſt Years———
Reſerv'd no Kindneſs for my lateſt Day ?
If my paſt Life did you in ought offend,
In Death at leaſt I wou'd my Fault amend,
And to the Shades a guiltleſs Soul deſcend.

O *Torture* (the diſtracted Father crys,
With Arms extended and upliſted Eyes)
Too much, ye conſcious Skies, for Man to bear!
For This is Torment that exceeds deſpair.

The weeping Crowd around he then ſurvey'd,
O if the Death of this Illuſtrious Maid
You wretched makes, her Death you only ſee,
What muſt the Murtherer her Father be?
In Innocence your Sorrow finds Relief;
I bear the double Load of Guilt and Grief.

Worldly Greatneſs.

By Mr. Ezr. Simſon.

WHat's worldly Empire, Pomp & Pow'r
The *Pageant-Triumph* of an Hour.
Or if the Courteſy of Fate
Prolong the Scene an Age's Date,
'Tis all that Fortune can beſtow;
And if for Life's time laſts the Show,
Not to a Minute 'twill amount
In vaſt Eternity's Account.
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, one Monarch may
Arrive to univerſal Sway;
Mankind in ſole Subjection have,
Yet to his *Paſſions* be a *Slave*.
Their ſtronger Forces ſhall inveſt
Alarm, Aſſault, and Storm his Breſt,
And with the Havock there they make,
Keep Him, as He the World, *Awake*.

HUMILITY.

By the ſame Hand.

MUch injur'd Grace, for being Mild,
Meaneſs of Spirit Thou art ſtil'd:
Thus ſenſleſs Mortals Thee defame,
Who doſt with Heav'n Alliance claim:
'Tis Thou alone that doſt inſpire
The Greatneſs that brave Souls Admire.
The proudeſt Heroes of the Field
To Thee the Prize of Fame muſt yield,
To Thee belongs the firſt Renown,
Thou only can'ſt the Glory own
To Triumph o'er Fate's outmoſt Force,
And Steer in Storms a ſteddy Courſe.
When Fortune tempts with flatt'ring Wiles,
Thou only canſt reſiſt her Smiles;
And when her angry Tempeſts riſe,
Thou only canſt her Frowns deſpiſe.

On

On the *Day of Judgment*.

By the E. of Roſcommon.

THe Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
That ſhall the World in Aſhes lay,
'Tis coming——will not, cannot ſtay.

The Laſt loud Trumpet's wondrous Sound
Shall through the cleaving Graves rebound,
And Wake the Nations under Ground.

Nature and Death ſhall, with ſuppriſe,
Behold the conſcious Wretches riſe,
And view their Judge with frighted Eyes.

Then ſhall, with univerſal Dread,
The ſacred Myſtick Rolls be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

The Judge aſcends his awful Throne;
But when he makes all Secrets known,
How will a Guilty Face be ſhown?

What

What Intercessor shall I take,
To save my last important stake;
When the most Just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty Formidable King,
Mercy and Truths eternal Spring,
Some Charitable Pity bring.

Forget not what my Ransom cost;
Nor let my dear bought Soul be lost
In storms of guilty Terror tost.

Thou who for me hast felt such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain;
Let not thy Birth and Death be Vain.

Thou whom avenging Powers obey,
Remit, before the Reckoning Day,
The Debt which I can never pay.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.

Thou who wast mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,
And by Absolving of the Thief
Hast given me Hopes, oh! give me relief.

Oh! let thy Blood my Crimes deface,
And fix me with those Heirs of Grace
Whom Thou on thy Right-hand shalt place.

From that Portentuous vast Abyss,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Call me to thy Eternal Bliss.

Prostrate, my contrite Heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

When Justice shall her Sword unsheath,
How will they Curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a severer Death?

Great God of Mercies pity take
On Souls thou didst Immortal *make,*
Nor let their State be that of Woe,
Which must, if Once, be ever so.

FINIS.

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MEDITATIONS

On several

SUBJECTS,

VIZ.

I. Of the Lord's-Supper.

II. Of the Spiritual War-fare.

III. Of Religion.

IV. Of Vice.

V. A Reprobate on his Death-Bed.

VI. A Saint on his Death-Bed.

MEDITATIONS.

MEDITATION I.

OF THE

LORD's-SUPPER.

BLeſſed Saviour! Was it not enough for Thee to Dye for us, without bequeathing theſe Remembrances of thy Death? O unſpeakable Love! both in purchaſing our Redemption, and providing theſe Opportunities of Sealing the Covenant.

Shall we then abſent our ſelves, when the Majeſty of Heaven invites us? When he has furniſhed his Table with the Bread of Life and Cup of Salvation. Are we not honoured in being Gueſts at a Banquet where Angels are Attendants? Shall we not gladly wait on the Almighty as Favourites, when he might Summon us as Rebels? Shall the Guilty ſlight a Pardon that coſt the Innocent ſo Dear?

Shall the Sons of Men deſpiſe that Grace, for whoſe Purchaſe the Son of God was content to dye? Shall Paradiſe be ſet open, and we continue in the vale of Miſery?

O Stupid Souls! whom neither Heaven can invite, nor Hell can terrify. Are we in ſuch haſte for Damnation, that we cannot ſtop to ask our ſelves two ſhort Queſtions. *How ſhall we dwell with everlaſting Burnings? And how eſcape them if we neglect ſo great* Salvation?

M E-

MEDITATION II.

OF THE

Spiritual WAR-FARE.

Epheſ. 6. from v. 10. to 19.

WHole Armour of God: Helmet of Salvation*: Breaſt-Plate of Righteouſneſs: Shield of Faith: Sword of the Spirit: Watching, Wreſtling, againſt Principalities, Powers, Rulers of Darkneſs, Wiles of the Devil: Fiery Darts of the Wicked,* &c.

What? All this Preparation for Chriſtianity, Theſe Enemies to be encounter'd, and yet the Service eaſy?

Yes. For the Chriſtian engages on the ſtrongeſt, as well as the nobleſt Side. Great and Formidable are his Antagoniſts; but his Aſſiſtance *Almighty.*

Can we think of a Church *Militant* without Ware-fare? Can we pretend to War-fare without Diſcipline? Can we hope for Triumph without Victory?

Victory without Fighting? Succeſs in Fight without Reſolution? Can we expect no Hardſhip in following the Captain of our Salvation, who was made perfect by Sufferings?

'Tis ſufficient that our Service under Him is leſs toilſome than in the Tents of Wickedneſs. Our preſent Condition more Comfortable, and the difference of Reward unſpeakable: *For the Wages of Sin are Death; But the Gift of God eternal Life.*

MEDITATION III.

OF

RELIGION.

SHE commands us only to do ſuch things as we ſhall never repent of having done them. Nay, the Remembrance of having done them, will afford us perpetual Pleaſure. 'Twill give us ſatisfaction within our Selves, and Confidence before Men and Angels. 'Twill embolden us to converſe with Solitude and Darkneſs; 'Twill heighten our Complacency in Company, & entertain us in Retirement.

What is Religion but our reaſonable Service. She makes nothing our Duty but what is our Benefit. If ſhe commands us to be Humble, 'tis to gain us that reſpect which the Proud Man cannot meet withal. In requiring our Patience under Sufferings, ſhe preſcribes the beſt means of making them eaſy. In obliging us to be Liberal and Charitable.

She

She teaches us the beſt way of improving our Eſtates. What is Diligence but being Induſtrious for our own Good? Vigilancy, but looking carefully to our own Safety? In making us juſt in our Dealing, She makes us what we are ambitious to be reputed: In Obliging us to be Frugal, Chaſte and Temperate, ſhe only enjoins us to take care of our Health, Eſtate and Reputation. In forgiving our Enemies ſhe teaches us the nobleſt way of Triumphing over them. What is Mortifying our Luſts, but diſarming of dangerous Inmates? The ſubduing of our Paſſions but reſcuing our ſelves out of Tyrants Hands? The Governing our Appetites but keeping our Slaves from aſpiring to be our Maſters?

MEDITATION IV.

OF

VICE.

THere are no ſuch Cheats in the World as Vice and Sin; they ſet out with us as pleaſant Companions, till having got us into a Wilderneſs, they diſcover themſelves to be Robbers and Murderers. We may regret the Diſcipline of our Father's Houſe, and Sally with the Prodigal into fatal Liberty. We may Riot in Luxury till we are reduc'd to Husks.

Every Suffering for Virtue has Reſerves of Comfort: In ſuffering by Vice, we are not only Miſerable but deſerving ſo to be.

O diſmal Contemplation, of having ruin'd our ſelves to gratify our Enemies! of having enſlaved our ſelves to Sin, and drudg'd for Damnation! Of having ſpent our Lives in doing what we ſhall for ever

ever wiſh Undone! Of exchanging the Tranquillity of our Minds for the Horrors of Conſcience, and expectation of Puniſhment!

This is the true Complexion of Vice, under all it's Varniſh. In this hideous Aſpect ſhe will one Day preſent her ſelf to our diſtracted Souls. O woful Bargain, whoſe beſt effect is bitter Repentance. This is the beſt of it, and if it comes not to This, the Fountains of Grace are ſeal'd up, and the Gates of Mercy for ever ſhut againſt us.

M E-

MEDITATION V.

A REPROBATE ON HIS Death-Bed.

PHyſicians ſhake theirHeads; Friends and Kindred Mourn about him. The wretched Patient feels himſelf under the Arreſt of Death. His amaz'd Soul finds her ſelf on the Confines of Eternity. What can ſhe do? If ſhe looks back upon the World, and what is dear to her therein, of Them ſhe is taking leave. If ſhe looks upward, ſhe perceives Heaven ſhut againſt her. If ſhe caſt her Eyes downward, ſhe ſees Hell open to receive her. Conſcience preſents her a Catalogue of her Crimes: The Meſſengers of Darkneſs are come to hurry her to Torture,

ture. Where are now the Companions of her wicked Mirth? they either abſent themſelves, or Torment her with their Preſence. Alaſs! What Relief to be expected from Partners in Guilt, when Saints can ſpeak no Comfort?

Miſerable Creature! Vengeance ſtares thee in the Face, and thou wouldſt now Repent---that is, amend thy Life when 'tis at an End. O dark and doubtful Hope of Grace and Mercy's coming to viſit us on our Death-Bed, when through our whole Time of Life we have driven them from our Door.

MEDITATION VI.

A

SAINT.

ON HIS

Death-Bed.

HE is going to Dye, but knows that his Redeemer Lives. He languiſhes, but the Senſe of his Weakneſs adds ſtrength to his Faith. He is not much concern'd at leaving a World where he was but a Sojourner. He parts with it fairly, and goes off with Reputation.

His Repentance in Sickneſs is accepted; for he practic'd it in Health: It has always been voluntary, wherefore he knows it now to be ſincere. He's confin'd to his Bed; but his Heart is at the Sanctuary. Being now diſabled from going thither, the Divine Preſence viſits him:

him. Hitherto his Happineſs was Hope; 'tis now Aſſurance. His Days of Life are over, ſo are his Dangers. Good Angels that accompany'd his Pilgrimage, will not part with him ſo near *Home*.

O happy Condition! when Labour ends, and Reward begins. When Reward begins that never ſhall end. Nature claims her Debt, and he chearfully pays it: He puts of Fleſh to be inveſted with Glory: He has a Fore-taſte of Bliſs on this ſide the Grave. The Gates of Death, while opening to receive him, give him a Proſpect of *Paradiſe*. His Diſſolution is Deliverance. He expires *into Life*, and *dies* into *Immortality*.

F I N I S,